TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

In legislative circles Sir Richard Cartwright's Commercial Union resolution in the House of Commons has been the principal event of the week. He made an able speech—Sir Richard never makes a poor one. The slight interest which was excited by the discussion of Unrestricted Reciprocity sometime ago has died out—in the cities at least. It is possible the farmer may be in deadly earnest, but he is hard to move and his political attachments are so permanent that it is doubtful if he will be viewed as an important factor in legislation which will so radically affect the manufacturing classes who are always ready to subscribe liberally to campaign funds and engage mightily in the conflict of an election. The Manufacturers' Association of Canada is a guild which no Government dare trifle with, though it has been shown that those to whom the greatest protection has been afforded by the tariff are forming combinations and "trusts" with the avowed intention of obtaining more for their goods than they are absolutely worth. This proves that the competition, in which the people were told they would find safety from the high prices caused by the high tariff, is illusionary. It is possible that means may be found to protect the people from the protected manufacturer, but it is unlikely that legislation can be framed so as to make "combines" impossible. If this is proven to be the case an unrestricted reciprocity movement may be looked for in the future, but Sir Richard will be disappointed if he expects it to materialize at present.

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The Ontario House has at last got down to hard work, and is a pleasant thing to see the unanimity of the Legislature in deciding to develop the mineral wealth of the province. It has been a harmonious session and Mr. Meredith may congratulate himself that, though he is still open to the charge of opposing provincial rights, the Ottawa counterpart of the Ontario Opposition is sinking deeper and deeper into the mire, and from day to day furnishing their opponents with an excuse for charges of disloyalty and lack of business tact.

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The case of Rev. Mr. Stonehouse of Adelaide, who is charged with blackmailing hotelkeepers is a startling exposure of the methods and motives of the lower strata of Scott Act agitators. It would be a cruel and unmerited reproach if it were said that he is a fair sample of those who have been so earnest in their anxiety to protect the home and fireside from the debauching influences of the saloon. He is only one amongst many hundreds of clergymen who have taken an active and energetic part in the struggle for restrictive and prohibitory enactments. No matter what explanation he may make of his motives, his admitted guilt of sending blackmailing letters will do enormous injury to the cause he has degraded.

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People expect more from the clergy than they do from the laity of the churches. Often they expect too much; but those entering the ministry must remember the grave responsibilities they are assuming, and in thinking of their capabilities for doing good must recollect that any dishonorable conduct will not only cover them with ignominy and call forth the sneers of the scoffer, but smirch with scandal the holy cause which they have espoused. John Stonehouse has done more harm to the cause of religion and temperance by his conduct than the preaching of a score of clergymen can remedy in a year. There are so many people always ready to stigmatize a class according to the conduct of one individual that the advocates of untrammeled whisky will gain a hearing when they say that John Stonehouse is a representative instance of a rabid temperance clergyman. Even clergymen themselves sometimes argue in this narrow and unjust way, and now that the fallen brother is within their own ranks it should teach them more charity, and to less frequently make sweeping charges against whole classes.

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Blackmailing is the most frightful method which debased smartness uses for money-making or revenge. It is a species of crime altogether too prevalent. Newspapers have been known, even in Toronto, to make money by attempting to coerce advertisers of that class who are open to damaging disclosures. It is the weapon of a cowardly scoundrel, the resort of poverty-stricken depravity, the slug shot of the vile moral assassin. Anyone who is known to have used it, should be ever afterwards debarred from decent society and publicly avoided as a moral leper.

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The awful crime of Dr. Cox of Springfield, Mo., who broke a bottle of vitriol over the head of his son's mistress, has no redeeming feature. Blackmailing and vitriol-throwing are crimes of the same sort; the one is intended to mutilate character and fill the soul of the victim with ever-present fear and agony, while the other is the most terrible form of physical mutilation, leaving the face scarred and hideous. One can imagine the awful mental condition of the father caused by the debauchery of his son, but even this cannot excuse for a moment the fiendish means he adopted of punishing the woman who may have been the cause, while, probably, she was only the companion of his son's shame. Young men who read may see in this mad revenge the intensity of suffering their dishonor may cause their parents, and if they are prone to think their parents cannot suffer for their dishonor, let them recollect the blood-curdling crime which could only be the act of a fiend or a madman.

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The performance of Mr. J. L. Sullivan, assisted by Mr. Mitchell, in the art-pugilism line has occasioned a great deal of excitement and critical comment. The gentleman from Boston has muscular development of which he and his compatriots are proud. Mr. Mitchell is a gentleman from London and these two artists from the thought-centres of the new and old worlds had a controversy which lasted some three hours, resulting in mutual exhaustion. When the news of Mr. Sullivan's practical defeat reached America, a wave of universal sorrow swept westward from the thought-center of Boston, while Englishmen felt a certain amount of pride in the staying powers of Mr. Mitchell.

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The particular point upon which I desire to dwell is the reception of the news by Mrs. Sullivan. She expressed her sorrow that Mitchell had not killed her husband, but she should not blame Mr. Mitchell for this, as he doubtless would have annihilated Mr. Sullivan had he been able. She confided in the gentle public to the extent of saying her husband was a "great big no-good, and deserved to be killed for the way he had treated her." This lack of conjugal felicity in the Sullivan family affords food for thought. In his idle hours, as many a great artist has done before, Mr. Sullivan used to practice upon the partner of his bosom. When he was tired of his saloon and sand-bags and other athletic exercises, he found it pleasant and instructive to thump Mrs. Sullivan. It is said that the wife of Dickens, Bulwer, Mrs. Philosopher Carlyle, and the partners of a great many notable people have objected to be used as models and subjects of dissection by their husbands. It is evident Mrs. Sullivan is not in sympathy with greatness.

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Yet many women are anxious to marry a bold-eyed, hard-hitting athlete, and the moral contained in the review of Mr. Sullivan's career is chiefly in the direction of showing that physical excellence is not always accompanied by those attributes productive of lasting affection and conjugal happiness. If Mrs. Sullivan expected to be a companion to her husband, and thoroughly enter into the spirit of his career, she should not object to being knocked down with the possibility of her ribs being kicked in, her nose broken and her eyes blackened for the sake of art. Who are so unhappy as a mis-mated couple of this kind? The lady who insists on talking to her editorial husband on the price of oatmeal and pork, cannot expect to be in full sympathy with a literary career such as her better half has marked out for himself. When the wife of an artist drags him down to earth by continually pouring into his ear the mishaps of the household and her ambition for a new dress, she must not be surprised if she meets with caustic rebuke, even though the pork barrel is empty and the children cry for food. But when a gentleman travels on his size and shape, the circumference of his chest and the diameter of his muscles, the lady who becomes his wife must expect to take the same trip.

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The novelist is apt to practice on his wife by reading her his effusions and giving them to the public if she survives. The poet tries his hexameters on his dearly beloved, and if she does not expire in the first stanza he offers it for publication. The artist in pugilism naturally expects to find some sympathy, comfort, and instruction from the wife of his bosom. If she objects to being knocked down with the possibility of her ribs being kicked in, her nose broken and her eyes blackened for the sake of art. Who are so unhappy as a mis-mated couple of this kind? The lady who insists on talking to her editorial husband on the price of oatmeal and pork, cannot expect to be in full sympathy with a literary career such as her better half has marked out for himself. When the wife of an artist drags him down to earth by continually pouring into his ear the mishaps of the household and her ambition for a new dress, she must not be surprised if she meets with caustic rebuke, even though the pork barrel is empty and the children cry for food. But when a gentleman travels on his size and shape, the circumference of his chest and the diameter of his muscles, the lady who becomes his wife must expect to take the same trip.

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Women who marry for size and long for Apollos to carry in their coal and bring home their washing must expect to meet disappointment. Some very able pugilists and attractive athletes have been very pleasant gentlemen, but as a rule, superb animalism is not accompanied by intellectuality and the finer feelings which make man a desirable companion. Happiness may be had as the wife of a professional athlete, but it must be remembered that they are favorites with the class of women who are unmentionable in polite society and select journals of this sort. The woman who hopes to have a good husband should carefully calculate whether she is the sort of a wife who will prove attractive and helpful to the man she fancies or who fancies her. If his notoriety is in the direction of being a hard-hitter, good billiard player, a heavy drinker or a boxing expert, she must consider whether she can accept her full share of this sort of amusement and shine in the circle where her husband is endeavoring to win his laurels.

Pugilism, of course, ranks somewhat lower than landscape painting and poetry, but it has its affinities and ambitions, and the woman who marries a man of the pug sort must expect to herd with that sort of animal. It is not necessary to carry this simile any further. Those who run can read, and my dear young lady friends can apply these precepts to those who seek their hand.

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Little men are vain and big ones soft, it has been truly said, and the stalwart man is much more apt to be gentle than the fussy little nuisance who wears high-heeled boots and a tall hat to make his stature greater than that of his wife. It is not a question of size or the possession of great brain power, or the absence of it, that makes a man a pleasant companion or a desirable husband. A kind consideration, the desire to protect, the impulse of kindness and last and greatest, the faculty of being able to love, is a man's greatest recommendation to the faith and affection of a woman. It does not take any genius, and but little experimenting, for a woman to find out whether a man is capable of loving anyone half as well as he does himself. Every woman ought to make the experiment. If a man cannot discuss the items of furniture she proposes to have in her house when she gets married, the color of the carpet and the tint of the paper on the walls and fails to betray any domestic or conjugal instincts, she may be sure that he won't answer as a companion.

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I know lots of clever men who are more than half ashamed of their wives, and lots of mean men, who are not at all clever, who are not a bit ashamed of themselves, but if a man is ashamed of you, young woman, if he is not capable of going into ecstacies and stepping as proudly as a prince when he takes you out for a walk or goes to the theatre in your company, you can know that he has no capacity for being a good husband. But don't make the mistake of imagining that every man whose enthusiastic mouth can deliver itself of a fusilade of compliments is devoted to the fair sex. Readiness of speech hardly ever accompanies a real case of love. The fluent lover, as a rule, has practiced the art and is ready to practice it again, but there is a touch of the hand, a look of the eyes and a gentleness of the voice which cannot be counterfeited, and they tell the story of love so that it cannot be mistaken. Watch the bold eyes, suspect the fluent tongue, but love the man who is not a fool except when you are around.

DON.

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I get the airy motion of your hair
That with each movement dances up and down
In locks of darkest brown upon your brow.
The music ever and anon moans out
In sad and plaintive strain—I hear it now.

You clasp me closer, and we glide and sway
Amid the giddy mazes of the dance.
Your eyes look into mine with love imbued,
And mine droop low before that ardent glance.
I hear the wild, swift throbbing of your heart—
Ah! Cœur Fidele, will it as faithful be
Throughout the coming years as it is now?
I leave it for the future years to see.

* * * * *

The years have passed and we have met again,
And yet the music comes to us once more
Upon the airy zephyrs of the night;
And still your arm is round me, as of yore,
And still your eyes look into mine the same.
The question's answered—now I know you'll be
As faithful to me now as you were then,
As you will be thro' all eternity.

KATHLEEN DANTRER.

Niagara Falls, N.Y.,

*

"I wish some man would drop in after dinner this evening," I heard a young girl say the other day in her own house, "'pon my word, I am quite getting tired of talking to women, and since Lent commenced I have not spoken to one of the opposite sex, except on one or two occasions, when calling, I have answered a few words addressed to me."

*

This presents to my mind immediately the little amount of evening calling done here. In England people consider that the time after dinner is sacred from intrusion, and with the exception of those who have formed the dining party, no one's entrance to the drawing-room is looked favorably upon. In America the custom is (not in large cities, however) to do nearly all the calling in the evening—the gentlemen, principally, making their formal, informal and social visits to all houses in, of course, their evening clothes.

*

Neither of these customs is agreeable to me, they are both so characteristic of the extremes in the two English speaking nations. The proud reserve of the Briton, and the determination not to yield one iota of what he considers the privacy of his castle, and the free, open-hearted hospitality of the Yankee by which he finds little seclusion in his own house.

Just now there is too much fear of meeting with the Englishman's uncertain welcome, for our young men to practice the custom of socially dropping into otherwise hospitable houses in the evening without a special invitation. Many a dull evening at home, with only the home party distributed round the room, engaged in various occupations of reading and sewing, could be made pleasant and enjoyable by the addition of a manly tenor for the duett, some few more deep voices in pleasant chat, erstwhile holding skeins of wool and cracking jokes.

*

This has been a strictly Lenten week. Since last September there have not been any seven days so bare of social events. About the usual number of dinner parties have been held, but I have heard of few, if any, five o'clock teas, and, with one exception, of no evening parties whatever. A pity that some one or other of the numerous deserving charities of Toronto did not take advantage of so grand an opportunity. Everybody would have gone to a concert or a bazaar in their aid. Perhaps a little prematurely, since the sleighing is once more excellent, the Toronto sleighing club have finished their season, so that not even can people enjoy the anticipation of a Saturday afternoon and evening spent in the delightful fashion inaugurated by the club. Would that the managers of our theaters would realize that there is a want, one which they can supply, and thereby fill their coffers! Held by the Enemy and the Rag Baby are not the sort of attractions which will draw society. However,

"Past and to come seems best; things present worst."

*

Minnie Palmer will profit next week I think by coming here at the deadest part of the dead season. So will the opera companies who are to follow her, and everybody will go to Jim the Penman. Campanini and Madame Scalchi will not, I hope, sing to yawning gaps and empty benches as in November. If they have their deserts no seat at their concert will be vacant.

*

There seems to be a pause in the rehearsals of of the Harmony Club, but if they are going to play an opera at all this spring they have no time to lose. If, as I hear, dissatisfaction at the choice of Fantine is the cause, it is surely not too late to adopt some other opera. Such a week as the present would have afforded them a splendid chance for rehearsals, ther has been little to prevent the attendance of their giddy members.

*

Among noticeable dinners this week has been a pleasant and juvenile party at Mrs. Jones', on Church street. Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, at their fine house on St. George street, gave one of their large and popular dinners on Thursday. On Friday, both Sir David and Lady Macpherson, at Chestnut Park, and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, at the Avenue road, thus entertained large parties of guests. There was a large dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's house in the park on Thursday, and at Mr. and Mrs. Cosby's on St. George street, the day before.

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On Friday of last week the good example set by Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Emperor Frederick of Germany.

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Personal Beauty and Some of Its Canadian Characteristics.

There are three chief ingredients that enter into the composition of Personal Beauty, as beauty in our age is recognized in all civilized communities, namely, Health, Love, and Intellect. Without health there can be no beauty; nor can beauty be quite absent from the face that is lit by the sunshine of love. The intellect, it may be admitted, appeals to the few; but to "the fit few"—the "saving remnant" of whom Matthew Arnold writes—even the plainest features are beautiful through which the soul speaks and over which, with all the charm of vivacity and animation, play the infinite movements and graces of the mind. Beauty to the savage is one thing; to the cultured mind and eye it is another. Among the Copper Mine Indians, for instance, according to a Hudson Bay Company officer of the last century, the type of female beauty is "a broad flat face; small eyes; high cheek-bones; three or four black lines across each cheek; a low forehead; a large, broad chin; a clumsy hook nose; and a tawny hide." To the average male Canadian such a specimen of the sex would be a perfect antidote to love and gallantry. Nor would be more attractive a tattooed Amazon of the southern seas, with a colossal ring through the soft cartilage of her nose, and from whose nether lip hung pendant the thigh-bone of a warrior of a hostile tribe, the edible portion of whose juicy frame had one day furnished her with an appetising meal. National and racial tastes certainly differ. On the other hand is it not true that the requirements of civilization have in our day led us to be a little too fastidious, in the matter especially of female beauty, and that we seek only perfection in the ideal woman of our fancy, while comparatively few of the sex attain that standard of beauty which art rigidly exacts and seals with its unqualified approval? Fortunately, however, most of us are not narrowed in our choice by the dictates of art. Art may tell us, if it likes, what are the true lines of female loveliness, and treat us to professional illustrations of the principles of beauty. But we are not bound in all things by the rules of art. We do not thus anatomically take a woman to pieces, and fall in love with her, or not, as we find that her beauty conforms to the exact requirements of an artist's or a sculptor's ideal. We have our fancies and likings, call them wayward if you please, and the face that charms us may traverse every canon of art, and, in all its features, set at defiance the technical tests of beauty. Our Phyllis, in short, according to art theories, may lack every professional element of female loveliness—her nose may not be Grecian, her profile may not have that regularity of outline which is deemed classic, and in stature and pose she may be deficient in majesty; but she may be none the less our queen, and at her shrine we may ceaselessly burn the incense of worship, and on bended knee tender her the homage and devotion of our love.

It may safely be said that no two men will agree on all, or even on many, of the constituents of beauty. Just in what beauty, in its chief features, consists, opinions differ; diversity is the law of nature; and as no two faces are absolutely alike, so no two minds are in all things at one. No absolute standard of female loveliness can be set up which for a day's space could win general assent, though society for a week might rave in unison over some striking type of beauty which had paid the community a fleeting visit, and enthralled a thousand hearts of both sexes. Just think for a moment [illegible]ature's varied lavishness in her gifts to [illegible]: figures tall and majestic, or *petite* and refined; faces handsome in repose or winsome when wreathed in smiles; complexions that speak of sunshine and plenty of fresh air, or lily-hued and delicate with the pale cast of thought; eyes open and luminous, flashing their sparks from jealous bonfires, or fringed with drooping curtains full of amorous languor; hair of a blonde the despair of the sex, or dark and well-nourished as becomes the brunette; voices sonorous and thrilling, or, —"an excellent thing in woman,"—soft, melodious, and pleading. But to attempt to catalogue the varied charms of women would be to set oneself the task of counting the stars in the firmament, or the leaves in the midsummer forest. The elements of the prepossessing in the female countenance are as numberless as are the thoughts of the human mind, and, as a rule, they are infinitely more lovely.

We have placed health first in the requisites of beauty. Without it, as we have said, there can be no real or staying beauty, though about ill-health or invalidism there may be, as there often is, an attractiveness which is pathetic, and a lustre, if we forget its weirdness, which sometimes surpasses the lustre of health. As a rule our Canadian girls possess this requisite of health in a high degree, and with it that happy mean of robustness induced by it, which separates it alike from the rude vigor of the average Englishwoman and from the more fragile though *spirituelle* characteristic of American female beauty. Canadian young womanhood, in other words, possesses this characteristic, that while the bloom of health is usually to be found on the cheeks of our girls, that aspect of health has not been won, as is sometimes the case with their English sisters, at the expense of litheness and gaitainess. In fineness of figure and grace of movement they rival their American cousins; while they have that charming plumpness which gives body as well as form to beauty, and, bespeaking their truly English origin, allies them to the Norman types of the Motherland rather than to those which prevail in the neighboring States. In one other respect we are inclined to think Canadian womanhood occupies a middle ground between the extremes of English and American characteristics, in the matter of female beauty. Our married women do not seem to retain their beauty and freshness so long as do English matrons, nor do they lose their fine qualities of womanhood so soon as do the married women of the Republic. Here climate and mode of life no doubt operate as well as other producing causes, which we need not at present go into. The life of an English married woman, as a rule, we fancy, is more placid than that of our Canadian matrons, and with the additional advantages of climate and the maintained habit of out-door exercise, which means health as well as beauty, they may more reasonably be long expected to preserve their early married glory. On the other hand, the Canadian matron may be said to have the same advantage over her American sister that the English matron has over the Canadian, and this even under the strain of a more willing acceptance of the responsibilities of maternity. Speaking of the two types of English and American and Canadian beauty, a writer has thus happily expressed what seems to us to be the truth, that "there are more pretty girls in America and more beautiful women in England." It may be, and no doubt it is the fact, that the young women of this continent have more verve and vivacity of manner, and, as a rule, are freer and more graceful in their movements than the women of England. Their hands and feet—the latter especially—are certainly smaller, and they are more at their ease (a questionable gain, we submit, however) with the other sex than English women are. But, withal, it would be difficult to find out of England, particularly among gentlewomen, more attractive and worshipful specimens of the fair sex, or those who have more of the attributes, in manners, voice, dispositions, as well as in looks, carriage and bearing, of the class designated in the best sense as ladies. Nor is this to be wondered at, for are they not, like the sward that clothes the soil, the like of which one sees nowhere out of England, the product of centuries of refinement and culture?

We have enumerated one feature which, perhaps, is more distinctively than any other, the characteristic of an English lady, and which is not the least of the many and unmistakable marks of culture and good breeding in the fair sex. We refer to the speaking voice. This is a feature in women which, if good, has no rival superior to it in charm, whatever may be their personal beauty and intellectual attractiveness. If we would make any qualification of this opinion, we would admit the eye as perhaps the only rival to the voice as a mark of beauty and the true index to the character within. In this judgment we shall be supported by the novelists, by the poets, and by all true students of female portraiture. Both, in a sense, are alike the organs of speech, though there is this difference between them, that while the beautiful eye is the special gift of Heaven, the voice in its full melody and sweetness can be acquired by culture. The indifference of women, especially, to the speaking as well as to the singing voice, has always seemed to the writer one of the most regretful things in female education, for he holds higher no attraction of the sex than an exquisitely modulated and sympathetic speaking voice, while, as has been said, there is no more delicate and unmistakable mark of good breeding and refinement.

Perhaps before and above all we ought to place among the qualifications of the sex that of inherent goodness. Without this especial virtue no woman can be said to be really beautiful, nor can any mere loveliness of the face, however it may glow and corruscate, atone for the absence of loveliness in the mind or for those graces of character and disposition the lack of which makes woman only a beautiful animal. A woman without goodness, however opulent she may be in other attractions, lacks that which is the highest and most distinctively feminine of all graces: to the outward seeming she may be as sweet as the honey of Hybla, but inwardly she is as tasteless as the apples of Sodom. Goodness in a woman is nature's occasional compensation for the absence of personal beauty, and it is a compensation which exceeds in value all the cosmetics that were ever compounded, and it never loses its bloom or its flavor. Than goodness there is nothing so effective in beautifying the countenance or in refining the entire mental and spiritual character. It lights the eye with sunshine, wreathes the mouth with the sweet smiles of love and happiness, and irradiates the whole face with the play of a chastened and beautiful emotion. Where it is added to personal beauty, then does woman put on the singing robe of the seraphs and become, indeed, "little lower than the angels."

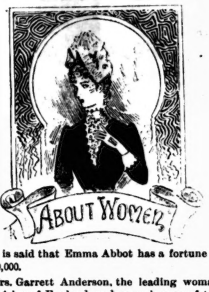
CERMER MADA.

The New Emperor and his Family.

A short history of the new German Emperor Frederick III., and his family, whose pictures are presented in this week's issue, will not be amiss just now, when everybody is talking of them, and feeling interested in all the information they can obtain on the subject.

The new Emperor, Frederick William Nicholas Charles, generally called by his friends "Our Fritz," was born on October 18, 1831. His father was the late Emperor William I. and his mother Marie Louise of Saxe-Weimar. He was educated at the university of Bonn, under some of the best professors of Germany, where after completing his education, he matriculated in the law faculty. He then started on an educational tour and visited several foreign countries, and among others, England, where he first met and loved Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland. His love was returned by the Princess, and they were married on January 25, 1858, with the good will of both nations. When his father ascended the throne, he at once interested himself in the affairs of state and worked energetically for his country's welfare. He early gave proof of his military ability, and in the wars with Austria and France was entrusted with the most important commands. How ably he succeeded in these wars, is well known, as is also the history of his present illness, which is causing so much anxiety to his people. Of the issue of his marriage with Victoria, there are now living two sons, William and Henry, and four daughters. Prince Frederick William, the eldest son and heir apparent to the throne, was born on January 27, 1859. He married a daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein in 1881, and in 1882 a son was born to the happy couple, who had the very uncommon honor of being held at the baptismal font at his christening by his great-grandfather.

"What are you building now, Johnny?" "A harem, sir." "A harem?" "Yes, sir, a place to keep my hares in."



It is said that Emma Abbot has a fortune of $500,000.

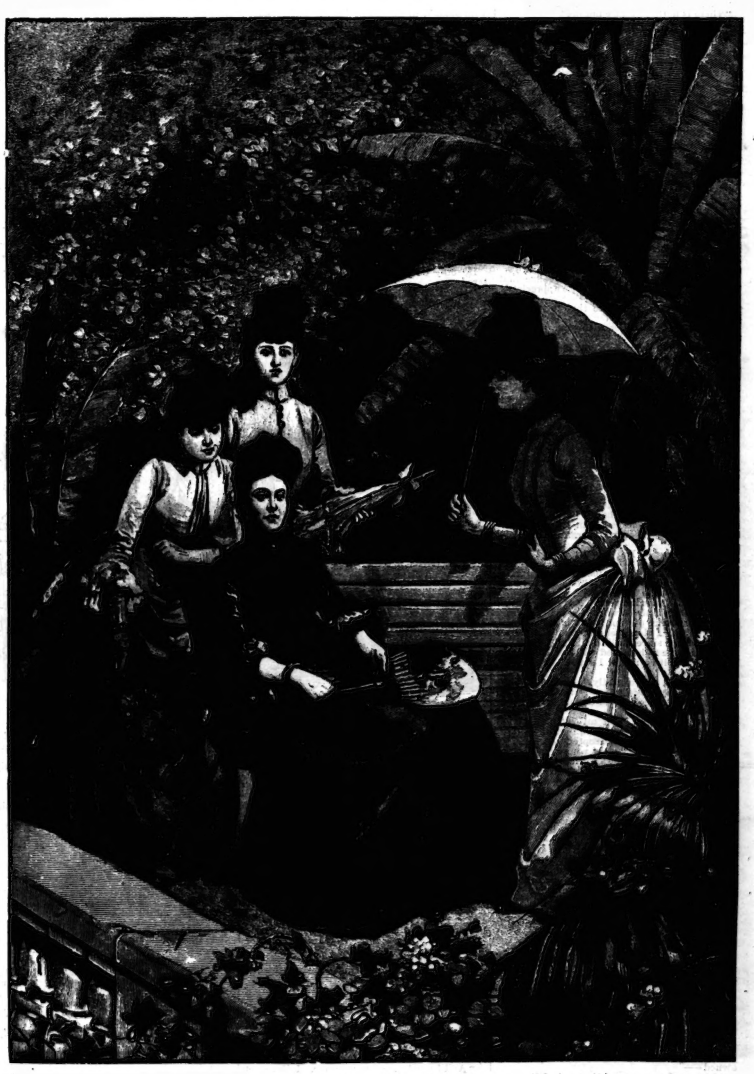
Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the leading woman physician of England, makes an income of ten thousand pounds a year.

The two New York heiresses of the current season, whose combined wealth and loveliness mark them out in the throngs of well-to-do maidens, are the Misses Van Wart and Goddard. Miss Goddard hails from Providence. Miss Van Wart is the granddaughter of the late Marshall O. Roberts. Prospectively, she is one of the wealthiest young women in America. On the death of Mrs. Roberts she will divide with the young son of Mr. Roberts, by his second marriage, the entire Roberts estate, estimated at five millions of dollars. In the meantime, she enjoys a very large income. Under these circumstances it is, perhaps, not strange that Miss Van Wart and Miss Goddard, who is also very wealthy, have at their balls this year divided the attentions of the society youth.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord has an attendant that society knows little of, an attendant that hangs upon every movement the lady makes, and marks everyone that approaches her. No gallant admirer with an eye cast to windward for the millions of the accomplished lady can whisper his breezy nonsense in the bejeweled ear of the widow without having his action noted and possibly "made a note of." It seems strange that such a chaperonage should be exerted and exercised over a woman so amply able to take care of herself. Yet the explanation is simple, the attendant is a private detective in swallowtail and all the modern improvements, who permits no glance at Mrs. Hicks-Lord's diamonds. She usually wears at receptions and the like upwards of $250,000 in diamonds, and this protection is necessary. Think of it, a detective attached to every bracelet and each earring! It speaks well for the lady's conduct that it can bear the untiring espionage of an Argus-eyed officer.

The presents sent to the young bride of the Emperor of China almost equal in variety and splendor the Jubilee gifts to the Pope. Among them were ten piebald horses with complete trappings, two hundred pieces of cotton material, 200 oz. of gold, 12,000 oz. of silver, twenty horses with complete trappings, and twenty horses without trappings. Not only did the bride receive presents, but her parents came in for a goodly share also, including a large proportion of horses, which would indicate either that they intend fitting out a cavalry regiment or to run a stock farm.

Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who died recently, was a remarkable woman in many ways, and was specially accomplished with her needle. At an exhibition of pictures held some years ago in New York, Mrs. Holmes sent several studies of landscape, and one or two imitation etchings most marvellously embroidered in fine silk. So perfect were they, in fact, that a society of painters willingly admitted the work, considering the effect, simply excellent.



Empress Victoria and her Daughters.

A Strong Attack on the Singapore Missions.

MR. W. S. CAINE, M.P.

Mr. W. S. Caine, the Unionist M.P., who, it will be remembered, traveled through Canada and received such a warm reception from Rev. Dr. Potts and the anti-Home Rulers in Toronto, on his recent journey round the world, has written from Singapore a severe criticism of the work done by Christian missions in that part of the globe. He says: The heathens of the Straits Settlements are not much troubled by missionary zeal. How is it, I wonder, that we so persistently neglect the conversion of the heathen at our own doors in our various Crown colonies? Can it be that the specimens of Christianity which form our governing and merchant classes are of such a quality that missionaries find it impossible to get the heathen to believe in the religion whose products they are? The existence of 7,000 Eurasians in the Straits colonies, the illegitimate offspring of "Christian" fathers, combined with the fact that a "Christian" Government draws the bulk of its revenue from the encouraged vices and degradation of the population, may go far to account for the obstinate preference of a Mahommedan native for a religion which enjoins total abstinence, and forbids the social habits which produce Eurasians. The merchants say the missionaries are idle and worthless; the missionaries retort in kind, and, for myself, I fear that in Singapore at any rate there is truth on both sides. There is a magnificent cathedral at Singapore, with a right rev. bishop, a venerable archdeacon, and an assistant colonial chaplain. There is a surpliced choir to boot. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has also a missionary, who gets £300 or £400 a year. The only natives visible at the cathedral services are the fifteen or twenty Malays who stand outside the building and pull the punkah strings to cool the fashionable worshippers inside. The only attempt to reach the heathen by the Church of England is a small school chapel, at which there is an attendance of fifty or sixty at most. The Presbyterians have a fine, handsome chapel for themselves. I survyed it from the outside, and it had a fashionable congregation of 150 or 200, fifty or sixty handsome carriages waiting outside, with as many native servants as there were good Presbyterians inside. The minister gets £500 a year and a free house. The English Presbyterian mission have one clerical and one lay missionary. These two energetic brethren have four small rooms in Singapore in which they hold services, and in none of which do they muster a congregation of fifty souls. I do not venture to judge these gentlemen. I am quite sure, from all I heard, that they are excellent and zealous men, but the results of their labors are miserable and unsatisfactory; and I cannot but think their methods and plans of working must be wrong. I think it would be well if the secretaries of our missionary societies spent twelve months in the East trying to find out how it is that Jesuits succeed so well, when they fail so completely. What I want explained is, the comparative zeal and success of the Roman Catholic, and the comparative failure of Protestantism, in the conversion of the heathen to the Christian faith. The fact is there, and is stubborn. I draw the figures from returns furnished to the Government of Singapore by the various denominations themselves, and published in the Blue-book for 1886.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" "Oh, yes; that's where I got acquainted with him."

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

A MAN'S JEALOUSY.

BY WALDEMAR.

CHAPTER III.

Only a few evenings after, and through the spacious apartments of Senator Carroll's home floated the strains of delicious waltz music.

One thing was noticeable about that party. Ella Madison was steadily refusing to dance with Livingston Lawrence, and Caryl Windom was dancing with no one. Perhaps he had given up such frivolities. But Ella did not suffer from lack of partners.

"May I not have this waltz, Miss Madison?" said Lawrence, approaching her, just as the music was beginning again.

"Impossible! I am engaged through the whole programme."

"But your card was not filled when I first came up."

"Was it not?" indifferently.

"I should like to know the reason for your treating me in this abominably cruel manner."

"And I would like to know the reason for many other things, but I can only imagine," she replied with an affectation of weariness.

"You dare not waltz with me," he said.

"There is nothing I dare not do."

"There is. You dare not brave the displeasure of that sulky Windom over there. Well, if he has a right to make a slave of you, I have nothing more to say."

"You have said too much already. If you must know why I do not dance with you, it is because of lack of inclination and not of courage." She turned abruptly away and left him fuming with rage.

She went directly to where Windom stood looking out upon the lantern-lighted lawn.

He turned as she came up to him, and his countenance was pale and stern.

"I am ever so sorry for you, she said in gentle tone, but with mirthful eyes.

"I am at a loss to know for what reason."

"Why, that you can find no one that will dance with you. Won't anyone favor you?"

"Possibly, if I asked."

"Girls are getting particular, it is true, but then you are not such a very bad dancer. I danced with you at the last party we attended. Don't you recollect?"

Did he recollect? The memory of that evening had been dear to him for many, many weeks.

"Perhaps you will be able to realize that there is no partner here I care to appreciate," he said.

"I have learned to realize that men seldom say what they mean."

"Doubtless that tallies with your opinion of me."

"How do you know what my opinion of you is?" she asked gravely, looking up.

She leaned in an easy, graceful attitude against the window. Soft and sweet and bright she looked; how could resentment against so much beauty live in a man's heart?

His tone was a little unsteady as he answered, "I know what regard you pay to my opinions."

"I think I have paid too much regard to your opinions and wishes," was the reply, with her voice a little tremulous.

"In what way, may I ask?"

"I gave you a foolish, stupid promise."

"Which you broke the next day."

"Which I have kept at great inconvenience. And now as I am sure it is not of the slightest consequence to you to whom I speak, or do not speak, I ask to be released from that promise."

"You regret, then, your promise to avoid Lawrence?"

"I do, indeed. But not because I care a straw for him."

"Perhaps you did not consider your promise broken when you allowed this man to walk home with you the other day?"

"When did that happen?"

"After the tennis party at the Meltons'."

"Mr. Lawrence did not walk home with me that evening. I dismissed him, and have never spoken to him since until to-night.

"Is this true?" he asked with astonishment.

"Of course it is true, if I say it." She raised her head proudly.

He looked at her earnestly, searchingly.

"But Williams said he saw you walking with him, and Lawrence himself acknowledged that it was true."

"Then they were both mistaken. But of course if you prefer their word to mine——"

"But I don't," he interrupted quickly. "I choose to believe every word you say. But can you blame me, when the information came so straight, and I was compelled to listen while your name was bandied about the card table. O Ella! will you forgive me?" And he took her hand in his.

He drew her nearer and nearer to him. Her eyes drooped and a lovely color flooded her face.

They had left the dancing and were out on the broad piazza now.

"I want more than your forgiveness. I want your love," he exclaimed passionately, drawing her close to him, and taking her in his strong, tender clasp, where she trembled like an aspen.

"You do not deserve—" she began.

"No, I do not deserve; but I must have your love, darling. Tell me, dear, have I it?"

"Yes," she murmured.

She could say no more. His lips were pressed to hers, and her whole frame thrilled with bliss beneath his caresses.

But only for a moment did she remain resting in his arms. Then she drew herself away, and looked up at him, with her own quaint manner. Her whole face was lighted by the smile on her lips, though the tear drops glistened in her eyes.

"I suppose you are proposing to me, Mr. Windom!" she said.

"Call me Caryl, won't you, dear? Yes, of course. I am asking you to be my wife. What else could I mean. And now that you have owned——"

"I know; I have owned the truth. Whatever happens, remember that." She spoke with sudden seriousness. "I love you, dear; nothing in the world can alter that. But—but—I can't give you an answer to-day. About marrying you, I mean. Won't you wait for me a few weeks?" She looked up at him with her lovely, pleading eyes.

"Most certainly not; I consider myself accepted already."

"But you must wait; indeed you must. The answer will be satisfactory. I'm sure it will." She was smiling through her tears.

"My darling, how can I refuse you what you ask? You have, I'm sure, good reason for asking it, and I will trust you."

"Thank you," she said simply. And she pressed his hand in hers in a way that told him that she loved him beyond all men.

They returned to the ball-room, and as they entered they passed Lawrence, standing by the door, and looking black as night. He noticed the radiance of Ella's face, and the happiness that Caryl Windom took no pains to conceal.

"My time will come," he muttered between his teeth.

The hour was late, and after a single waltz, Caryl Windom gave over his betrothed to her patient chaperone.

"Good-bye, darling," he said to her, as he stood by the carriage door, waiting for Ella's aunt to come from the house. "I am going to the city for a week. I leave to-morrow morning. But you will write to me every day?"

"No; I shall not write at all."

"But you will be compelled to answer my letters."

"No; and you must not write to me, Caryl; really, you must not. I mean this. We had a brief hour of perfect happiness, but we are not yet betrothed. Perhaps we never may be."

A strange look of trouble came into her young face.

"I must obey when you insist," he said; "though it is a hard restriction to put upon a lover. But as surely as I stand here, little one, within a week I shall return and claim you."

"Indeed, I hope so," she breathed softly.

CHAPTER IV.

A day before the week expired Caryl Windom came back to his home.

"I will keep my time, he said to himself, "and not until to-morrow will I go to her house."

But he could not keep entirely away. He would walk in the direction of the Madisons'. Perhaps he might in some way catch a glimpse of her.

He took his way through the woods. As he walked he thought of his love and their future. And a bright future it was that he pictured to himself, walking there where trees gave friendly shadow from the summer sun.

Suddenly he heard a voice in the forest depths.

He knew it in an instant, and a quick thrill of surprise and pleasure stirred his inmost being.

Then he heard the slow footsteps of a horse walking in the leaf-strewn road. He drew back from the roadside.

He would not for worlds be seen himself; but he would see her as she passed.

She was soon opposite him. A man was walking at her horse's side. Could it be possible? No; he could not be mistaken. The broad, heavy figure, the dark face, the sinister profile, he knew only too well. Ella's companion was Livingston Lawrence! The man she had given her word to hold no converse with during his absence.

And this was how she kept her word.

He wished he might leave the place and the bitter sight behind; but he was powerless to move from the spot.

He could not hear what they said, but he saw they were in earnest conversation, and the man's hand rested in easy familiarity on the horse's neck as they halted opposite Caryl, standing behind the large oak tree which effectually hid him from their view.

He only caught one sentence that Ella uttered:

"Oh, I can't tell you how glad I am! We shall all be happy now."

And then Caryl Windom, with a great sorrow and a fierce resentment struggling for mastery in his heart, saw the woman he loved bend low in her saddle and kiss the man he hated with all the terrible force of a man's jealous nature.

"Enough!" he cried, and with an effort, he rushed from the place, and was soon buried in the wooded depths.

He was yet early the next morning when he rang the bell at the house of the Madisons', and was ushered into the parlor.

There alone sat Ella. Beautiful, pure and innocent she looked. A bunch of fresh-plucked flowers were at her breast, and on her face a look of happy expectation.

With a glad smile she rose to greet her lover. Half shyly, half eagerly, she advanced and held out her hand, raising her face for a warm greeting.

But Windom only took her hand. Lawrence might have the kisses now.

The strangeness of his manner chilled her.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. This after a pause. Ella looked pale and worn now. The happy look had faded from her face.

He sat for a moment in silence, and then asked abruptly:

"Have you seen that man Lawrence during my absence, Miss Madison?"

Her looked him straight in the face as she answered:

"No; I have not. I promised you I would not. Didn't I?"

"I believe you did. But I must repeat my question."

"And I must repeat my answer. I have not seen him during the past week."

And the girl, with the face of an angel, the girl he loved, could stoop to such a miserable lie!

It seemed as if a leaden weight of sad disappointment were crushing him to the earth, as he sat there with the bright sun of that summer morning streaming in through the vine-wreathed window.

With an effort he recalled himself.

"I beg your pardon. The question was impertinent, I know. I am sorry I have put you to the trouble of trying to deceive me." His voice grew steady and scornful as he proceeded.

"But I will not detain you longer," rising to depart.

The girl's face flushed hotly at these cruel words. Then she grew pale, and her vo ce trembled.

"I thought—I thought—you were coming for your answer, for the answer you asked me a week ago."

"No. It is answered!"

It was a hard blow. The girl almost reeled under it. But she had the pride of her race, the pride of her sex.

"I think I understand," she said, slowly, calmly. "Second thoughts are wisest. Absence has taught you to repent the step you have taken. Be it so, then, Mr. Windom; your question is answered, as you say—please recollect that."

"Yes; answered indeed." His tone was hard, unrelenting.

"And there is nothing more to be said by either of us?"

A man less blinded by jealousy, passion, and what he believed the truth, would have detected the low minor note of pleading in that voice; would have read something of the heart-anguish in that pale face. But he saw not, heeded not.

"A TAP AT THE DOOR AND THEY STARTED APART AS MRS. WOOD ENTERED."

"I have lost my way and my friends," she said, with a faint smile; "I promised to meet them in the cafe, and I cannot find it."

"Permit me to show you," he said, politely and ceremoniously.

"Oh, thank you, it is not taking you too much out of your way."

Side by side they walked on through the half-deserted portion of the building.

How changed she was! Sadder, older, graver, but not less beautiful than the happy-hearted girl he had once known—so long ago it seemed to him now.

Finally he broke silence. "May I ask—pardon me, if it appears rude—but are you on your wedding tour or anything of that sort?"

"No, indeed; nothing of that terrible kind," she said, with her old impulsive manner. "Could you think it possible?"

"It is a thing that will be more than possible some day, I suppose," he replied, bitterly.

"I think, Mr. Windom, you have been abroad, have you not, since I last saw you?

"Yes. And you, what of you?"

"I? Oh, I have been ill, that is all. But quite ill indeed. And I am not very strong yet." And as she spoke, he saw that she was almost worn out.

Her voice sounded faint, and a deadly paleness overspread her face.

"Sit down for a moment," he said, hurriedly. "Can I get you anything?"

"No, I thank you. I shall be all right directly." She would not own it to herself, but this sudden meeting had strangely agitated her.

"Your friends ought to take more care of you," he said, with stern emphasis.

"I take care of myself," she replied. "I am going home next week, and shall be better soon, no doubt."

His resentment, his indignation were all vanishing at sight of that sweet, pale face, those sad, pathetic eyes.

He leaned over her, and took one of her hands.

"Tell me, I implore you! Can I help you in any way?—can I do anything for you? Are you in trouble?"

She did not answer. But her face was suffused with blushes, and she drew her hand quickly away.

"I see by sister's dress," she said, rising; "they are just over there. Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Windom." And in a moment she was gone and lost from his sight in the crowd.

He stood gazing after her. How long he knew not. A hand was laid on his arm, and a voice he hated said familiarly:

"What have you seen, Windom, a ghost? What a confounded nuisance of a place this is. I have lost my companions—ladies of course—and where to find them is more than I can tell."

Windom turned and looked at the speaker—Livingston Lawrence, who met his contemptuous glance with a careless smile.

"You had better ask the police to help you," and with a scarcely perceptible inclination of the head, he moved away among the crowd.

He wandered listlessly about for an hour or more, trying to keep down the thought of the woman who had so cruelly wounded him, and to kill the love that had again risen in his heart.

That she had married Lawrence he had firmly believed. And now that he had been disabused of this idea, he still believed there was something between them—an engagement, no doubt.

All at once he came again upon Ella Madison. She was sitting with her friends, and, with them was a friend that Windom knew. He had been away since his return from Europe, and stopped to speak with him.

He shook hands with his friend and then with Ella as if meeting her for the first time, and then was introduced to "my sister, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Windom."

He acknowledged the introduction with a courteous bow, and then turned, with a forced civility to where Lawrence was sitting.

"How do you do, Lawrence?" he said extending his hand.

The man looked astonished.

Then said Mrs. Wood: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Windom, but I thought you knew my husband. Charles, this is Mr. Windom. Mr. Windom, my husband."

Carl Windom started back in amazement.

It was the face—yes not the face of Livingston Lawrence. There was the same complexion, the same profile—but the eyes were different, and the figure more graceful.

He could not understand it. Windom lingered but a few moments with the party, and after accepting an invitation to call at the Woods' the next day, took his leave.

Were this man Wood and this man Lawrence the same?

CHAPTER VI.

The pleasant afternoon was drawing to its close when Windom rang a bell at a house in Forty-ninth street.

"Yes, Mrs. Wood was in."

The conversational compliments of the day were speedily passed.

"And now, Mrs. Wood, can you explain to me this great mystery. Who is this Lawrence? Is he your husband? Has he two names, or are there two men who look so nearly alike that I have been deceived, miserably mistaken, and done a woman a great wrong?

Then Mrs. Wood told him all.

"Ella has told me her story," she said, "though she could never give her consent to my telling you. But the girl is suffering yet, and she has suffered for honor's sake. She does not know what it was that made you cast her off, but I divine it had something to do with my husband, and it is plainer to me than ever since I saw your strange meeting of yesterday. When you were in the country last, and were paying court to Ella, my husband was in Europe on that identity (for a crime that he never committed, and of which he was long ago honorably cleared). The utmost secrecy was necessary, and he was hiding place was only known to Ella. She alone had any communication with him. Do you not perceive the key to the riddle? Have I not told you enough so you may guess the rest, and what you cannot determine for yourself had I best not let her tell you?"

"If I might see her but for a moment," he said humbly, "if it were only to ask pardon for the wrong I have done her."

"You shall see her; I will go and send her to you at once."

In a few moments Ella entered the room. She had not been forewarned of his coming and she was pitiably unnerved. Her color came and went, and she trembled as she took a chair not far from the mantel on which Caryl was leaning.

He spoke to her in a calm tone, though his heart was beating with love and longing.

"Miss Madison, I want to offer you a deep, a heartfelt apology. May I?"

"I should never refuse an apology," she said, with affected lightness. "They are so seldom offered me."

"You have never been wronged before, as I have wronged you. I, who dared to doubt your truth, your pledged word!"

"In what way?"

He answered gravely:

"Last evening I mistook your brother-in-law for Lawrence. The likeness is most remarkable."

"Yes, my sister has said something about it."

"And not only was I deceived last evening, but longer ago than that," said Windom, speaking slowly. "Do you remember my exacting a promise from you once when I was to be away for a week?"

"I remember."

She drew back a little. Her voice had chilled.

"I returned a day earlier than I expected. I saw you as I walked through the forest. You were riding and a man was walking by your side. I heard you talking with him, and I saw you bend down in your saddle and kiss him. That man I believed to be Livingston Lawrence"

"How dared you?"

"How dared I doubt you, indeed! I ask myself that question now in bitterest remorse and regret. But I had heard from others of your encouraging him, and what I saw and my jealousy confirmed my suspicions and drove me wild."

"But I never, never, gave him the slightest encouragement."

"I believe you now. Then I doubted you. Now I come to you in humiliation, imploring your forgiveness for the unmanly wrong I did you. Oh, Ella, I entreat your pardon. Believe me. I have never known one instant of happiness since I left you in anger more than a year ago."

She looked up and met his eyes, with their deep, passionate, pleading love, and her anger melted away.

He seized her hand.

"Ella, darling, you can, you will forgive me?" He drew her nearer, nearer to him, until his arms were about her and his lips touched hers!

"You will take me," he said suddenly, straining her to his heart and kissing the unresisting lips. You must be mine, and I will never let you go again."

Her head rested contentedly on his bosom, and he read her answer in the love-light that shone in her eyes.

"Oh, Caryl," she said, and her lips quivered at the memory, "I may as well own the truth at once. I have been so wretched without you, and when I thought you would never come back to me, I have wished that I might die. But now——" and her arm stole around his neck and drew his happy face down to hers wet with tears of joy.

A tap at the door and they started apart as Mrs. Wood entered.

She smiled, as she said that in spite of a man's jealousy, all was well at last.

THE END.

His Mistake.

He called her "angel" when she said
She would be his for life,
And, wedding her, he had no dread
Of bickerings and strife.
Repeatedly to me he said
With other friends of age,
"I tell you she's an angel, Ned!
Why, all she lacks is wings."

But now ten years have passed away
He is not quite so blind,
And when he speaks of her to-day
His views are changed, I find.
Her praises he no longer sings
But frankly says: "Egad!
I used to think she must have wings—
By Joes! I wish she had!"

Sudden Transformation.

Mr. Impecunious.—I sometimes think that we are all of us combinations of Jekylls and Hydes.

Mr. Prettywelloff.—There is much food for thought in your observation. The fact is, since reading Mr. Stevenson's book I have begun to notice that I have myself my Jekyll days and my Hyde days.

Mr. I.—So have I. Curious, isn't it?

Mr. P.—It is; but then, you know, human nature is very curious.

Mr. I.—Very. I notice, however, that you look very pleasant and jolly to day.

Mr. P.—I feel so. This is one of my Jekyll days.

Mr. I.—I am glad of it, for I called in to see if you would have the kindness to lend me five dollars.

Mr. P.—Ah! There now, you see!

Mr. I.—See what?

Mr. P.—I feel myself becoming Hyde. Yes, sir, I feel Jekyll fading and Hyde growing. How sudden these transformations are! Without doubt, sir, I'm having one of my worst Hyde spells. You must call some other time when I am Jekyll.

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Playing With Fire.

"Well, Lee, going to do the Catskills this summer?" "Catskills? Why, no—if I know myself."

"Not? Why, Nell is going."

"Yes, but I am tired—been gay enough the past six months to last six years, so I've decided to go away where it is quiet.

"And desert your wife! Well, it's the strangest thing—the world must be coming to an end when you and Nell can stay apart for two whole months. Where are you going?"

"Down to Ardale—pretty little spot recommended by my cousin—full of nice girls she says. I have engaged board with a widow who has two sons, so I shall be at liberty to pay court to all the fair damsels in the neighborhood. Expect to make love to one, especially whom my cousin just raves over—wants me to fall in love with her."

"Tell me the fair dame's name, so that I can give Nell a few points, and see if I can't raise jealousy enough in the dear soul's breast to make the whole summer miserable."

"No," laughing and shaking his head, "you must not do that, although I have no objection to telling you the young lady's name. It is Celia Brown. Know any one in that locality?"

"No, I'm not acquainted down there. Say, if you do decide to get married again let a fellow know. Don't break the little girl's heart, though. There's Anderson coming up the street; he looks rather tired, doesn't he?"

The two young men who had been laughingly holding the above conversation walked off to meet their friend. Neither noticed that a few yards from them stood a carriage in which sat a young lady; but so it was, and that young lady was no other than the Celia Brown under discussion.

She did not intend to listen, but it was impossible to keep from hearing. Then when she has heard she is sincerely glad of it. To describe her feelings would be impossible. She is so taken aback for the moment that she seems incapable of thought. Then slowly an angry flush mounts her cheek, and the gleam in her eyes bodes no good to the man who has boldly declared his intention of making love to her—a man already married.

So that is Lee Rodgers, the cousin whom Lelia is constantly raving over! And it's the dearest wish of her heart that we might fall in love and marry! How wofully mistaken she is in him! He is decidedly nice looking, and when he smiled it seemed impossible that he could be so false as his own words showed him to be, but now I know him——"

She is cut off in her reflections by her aunt's asking her what else is to be done before they return to the hotel. Celia does not feel in the mood for any more shopping, and so she tells her aunt. All during the homeward drive she is pre occupied, but says nothing of the conversation she has overheard to Mrs. Cator. But her brain is busy trying to decide what course to pursue.

"I would never do to leave home—I could offer no reasonable excuse. Shall I treat him coldly, taking no notice at all of him? If I do that he will flirt with all the other girls, and probably break two or three hearts. They ought to be warned, but what right have I to say anything about it?"

In this wise run her thoughts, and she is at quite a loss to decide what course to pursue. At last she thinks, "Why not, to save mischief, take him in hand myself? He is coming to Ardale particularly to make love to me. Why not make him my devoted slave, and thus give the other girls a chance, frustrate all designs and, if necessary, expose his perfidy in the end? If not it will serve to teach him a lesson, at least. Playing with fire—pshaw! as if I could ever feel anything but disgust for such a wretch! Well, it's worth thinking about, anyway."

And think about it she does, and finally decides to adopt the plan—to save the other girls' heartaches and teach him a lesson.

She feels greatly disappointed indeed, for she had woven quite a romantic garland around this young man's head and does not like to take him from his bright pedestal.

She thinks it best to say nothing, but tells her aunt she must have "some real sweet dresses for the capture of Lelia's cousin." She knows just what suits her, and although they do not cost hundreds of dollars, when she puts them on they are the prettiest things imaginable, and she is not pretty, either.

"She is neither too tall nor too short, neither too fat nor too lean." One casting a look at her face would feel no desire to look again unless he received one deep glance from her eyes. They are of a color indescribable, but great power lies in their depths. She does not often use that power over men, because she realizes what they can do, and this heroine of mine is no wilful coquette. Her features are tolerable, and her complexion good. And she has red hair—but that, I believe, is quite fashionable.

Two weeks pass away, and the eventful day arrives when Leigh Rodgers makes his appearance in Ardale. He is dressed in a gray suit, and swings along, seeming to take heed of nothing but in reality noting all that happens as he passes.

He smiles slightly as he sees several frizzy heads appear behind the curtains, for it is well known that he is the stranger who is to spend the summer in Ardale; and as the owners of the heads see his manly form the plans some of them have laid to capture this young man—and his money—are strengthened.

He passes along quietly and reaches the home of Mrs. Johnson, the widow with whom he is to board. That very evening he pays his respects to Miss Brown and her aunt. He finds a small party present, and quite a lively conversation going on. Mrs. Cator receives and welcomes him as Lelia's cousin, and calls Celia, who welcomes him cordially, but with little warmth. He glances at her cautiously, but his thought is, "What can Lelia see in her to make her talk so much about the girl? I'd like to get a good look at her eyes and see if they are as pretty as Lelia tries to make believe."

He is introduced to everyone, and manages to impress them all favorably. Indeed, he is taken at once to the hearts of the ladies, and the other young men became a trifle jealous, considering him a formidable rival.

Finally he has a chance to speak to Celia.

"I am delighted at last to have the pleasure of meeting Lelia's friend, of whom I have heard so much. I hope we shall become as great friends as she desires."

"We both think so much of Lelia that it would be impossible not to like each other," she says, smiling sweetly, and that smile is accompanied by a glance from those eyes that sends a thrill through him. Then she droops them, and begins searching for a piece of music, and though he tries he can do nothing to win another look like that.

Celia performs the selection and Lee turns the music. Then she is asked for a song. She knows Lee has a good voice, and asks him to sing with her; but he wants to hear her, and so declines.

The power that lies in her eyes is also in her voice. It is one to which you must listen, and you wish almost to still your heart-beats to be sure of catching every sound. How Lee's soul is carried out of him! For a moment after the song is finished he remains motionless, then says with a deep breath,—

"Miss Brown, you have afforded me the greatest pleasure to-night I have ever enjoyed. Thank you very much for that song. As long as I live I shall never forget it.

Now he is rewarded with another glance from those glorious eyes. Her soul is in them, for music is her one passion. Is his nature so shallow that he is not moved by it? His thoughts is,

"To what sublime heights might a man climb with a woman like that ever beside him!"

She takes his arm and allows him to lead her out into the garden. Both are silent for the song seems to have affected them, and neither is in the mood for light talk. Soon some one calls Celia.

They have been talking of a picnic to some distant hills, and wish to consult her. As soon as all is arranged, Lee, who has kept close to Celia, asks softly if he may be her escort, and with her "yes" she again glances softly at him, letting the lashes cover her eyes almost instantly, and slightly droops her head.

Lee goes home that night feeling as he never felt before. He tosses feverishly, with those eyes ever before him, and when sleep finally visits him it is only to bring him dreams of Celia—Celia and himself floating down the river, and those eyes ever burning into his very soul.

The next morning he finds an excuse to call by taking several new selections of music which Celia had sent her. He finds Celia and her aunt in the morning-room, and also a young lady who has come to spend a few days.

The visit is eminently an unsatisfactory one to him, for he had hoped to see her alone for a few minutes. Miss Carson he scarcely notices, but his eyes follow Celia wherever she goes. She is very gay this morning, and at last rallies Mr. Rodgers to a sense of how ridiculous he must be making himself, and he rises and takes his leave, promising to be on hand to-morrow to accompany them to the picnic.

That picnic! What means that feeling as he takes her hand to help her into the boat?

"Ah, I would have loved this man had I not been aware of his perfidy!" she thinks.

Playing with fire, indeed, but little does she imagine her danger. Already she feels the warmth, and at that rate a month—Ah, well, we'll see!

She is just as agreeable to him all day, and returning by moonlight, their voices blending in different songs, she does not try to analyze her feelings. He could take her in his arms and pour out all his passion in her ears. It is with difficulty he restrains himself.

The next few weeks glide by like a golden dream. Deeper and stronger grows his passion, and she realizes with unceasing regret how she could have loved him.

When any one teases her or laughs about her being caught in Cupid's net, she only smiles and thinks, "Ah, you do not know! He does not love me as you think. We are both playing with fire but will neither of us be burnt."

His passion is not so plain to her eyes; she does not dream for one instant that he is really deeply in love.

"For how could a man who is already married love another woman?" she argues. "He avowed his intention of flirting with me, and I have made it so pleasant for him that he likes carrying it out. But what sha! I do when the end comes?"

At thought of the end her spirits sink to zero; a sudden pain fills her heart, and at last she realizes that she is being burnt.

"Oh, sir, what have you done?" Alas, alas! how foolish she had been! But it must be stifled; no one must ever guess, for what right had she to think of him—another woman's husband!

That evening she sends down word that she has a headache. Is there nothing else a woman can invent but that time-worn excuse, a headache, when it is the heart that is affected? And when Lee and several others call, she denies herself to them.

The next day she leaves home to spend a week with Miss Carson at Bridgeport. It is impossible to describe Lee's feelings when he hears of her departure. Alas! what had he done? For he is sure that she loves him, and longs for words in which he could tell his love for her. Why had she left so suddenly?

He comes near going to seek her, and in all probability would have done so, had not a friend come suddenly in upon him who declares his intention of remaining to see Celia, the attraction in Ardale that is keeping his friend chained there so long.

He finds Lee moody, distrait; but he brightens up considerably, and introduces Mr. Duvall among his friends. He tries to think it is only a girlish freak of Celia's, and that she is just trying him.

At last the week passes. They have an invitation from Mrs. Cator to a garden party, and Celia is compelled to be present.

At last he may tell his love. With what impatience does he wait the hour when he may behold her! It comes—he sees. Alas! The change. She glances coolly at him, coolly gives him her hand and bows to his friend. Then he is called away, and Celia and Mr. Duvall stroll off together, and in fifteen minutes are close friends.

Everybody likes him. He has a fair Saxon face, light curly hair and baby blue eyes that are so soft and appealing; no mustache hides his girlish mouth. All the ladies pet him, so do the men.

The day is far spent before Lee is able to catch Celia alone. Then he sees her leaning against a tree. How gladly he goes to her.

"Celia!" is the one word he says.

He does not see her heaving breast nor pained, shadowed eyes; but when she turns to him there is a haughty uplifting of the head.

"Sir!" she exclaims indignantly.

"Oh, Celia, you know that I love you—that you are the one woman in the world to me, and I have seen love in your eyes when they were raised to mine. Oh, darling, how I have missed you!"

"How dare you speak such words to me—to me! I hate you, scorn you, despise you! Never address such words to me again, sir!"

"O Heaven! Tell me you have not been trifling with me all this time!" he says. "Celia, you are no coquette."

"Well, I have been since I have known you," she replies bitterly. "Don't speak again, for I will hear nothing. I began to flirt with you for a purpose——"

But here she feels a lump in her throat, and realizes that unless she leaves him she will betray the secret of her love.

When she goes he falls upon the ground and buries his face in his hands. After a while he sobs like a woman; then, when his emotion dies away, he gets up and leaves the place. Going to his temporary home he packs up all his things, and when Mr. Duvall gets back he finds his friend ready to start for the city next morning.

Two weeks pass, and Celia is the gayest of the gay. Many have been the conjectures as to why Mr. Rodgers has deserted them so suddenly. Mr. Duvall sends word to Mrs. Cator that business calls him away, and he would accompany his friend, and sincerely regrets his inability to call.

Many are the questions asked Celia, but she evades them all. Some think they have quarreled, some that she refused him, and she has never been known to deliberately flirt. So they all remain undecided as to what happened. She certainly is not wearing the willow for him in any case.

At the end of two weeks Celia asks to leave home. Her aunt takes her to three watering places for a few days each, joins a party up the Hudson, and then spends several weeks in Camden with some friends. But that look of pain in Celia's eyes does not vanish, so they go back to Ardale, where Celia finds several letters from Lelia awaiting her.

The first is filled with wonder at Lee's changed appearance and manner. Has he had an unhappy love affair? The second is begging to know why she has not written—is she unwell? "And oh!" she continues, "I have much news to tell you! I am engaged, and to whom do you think? No one in the world but Lee's wife! Lee pretends to be heart-broken because I am taking Nell from him. Does it not sound absurd? Of course Lee told you all about it; and don't you think Nell Duvall is just splendid? His name is Nelson, but very few people know it, for he is so much like a girl that everybody dubs him Nell. He and Lee were room-mates, and such close chums at college that the boys always said, 'Here come Rodgers and his wife,' when they came in sight, and others have kept it up. Nell and I have just discovered that we love each other——"

But Celia gets no further. Without a cry she falls to the floor. Her aunt, coming in a few moments later, is greatly frightened, for it is the first time Celia has ever fainted.

The doctor is hastily summoned, and with great care a severe attack of brain fever is warded off. In three weeks she has quite recovered.

While she is ill Lelia comes down and stays with her. Then she takes her back to the city, where she spends a month, and in that time not a sign of Lee is seen. When he hears that Celia is with her, he sends word to Lelia that business calls him out of the city.

Lelia is going to be married in February, and Celia promises to be bridesmaid, but now she declares she can stay no longer—that she wants to go home and rest.

One evening, at dusk, she is sitting in the library alone. Only the firelight tells of her presence in the room. Some one opens the door and comes to her, She glances up with a startled cry of "Lee!" He seems some vision out of the many dreams of him.

He had not known she was there still—he had thought she had gone home, and that it is Lelia he sees by the fire.

"Oh, Lee," she whispers gently, "I am so glad you have come back! Can you ever forgive me?"

"Miss Brown are you seeking to make me your slave again——

His voice breaks. Tears stream down her cheeks as she tells him her mistake—how she had overheard him when in the carriage, and his never mentioning anything about Nell had misled her.

By this time he has her in his arms showering passionate kisses upon her brow and lips. Ah, how happy beat both their hearts!

Then she tells him how she has suffered, and how the shock of Lelia's letter affected her.

"Oh, my darling, such anguish was mine when I thought you false! I have been so wretched! We have both suffered so much, that to compensate for it you must promise to become my wife when Lelia and Nell are married. Say yes, dearest!" this very pleadingly, and holding her tight.

Brightly blushing, with only the firelight's bright eyes to note it, she gives her promise, and seals it with a happy, tender kiss.

Bosom Friends.

Miss Wabash—Didn't Mr. Waldo say to you as I entered the parlor last night, Clara, "Is that the beautiful Miss Wabash?"

Clara—Yes, dear, with the accent on the "that."

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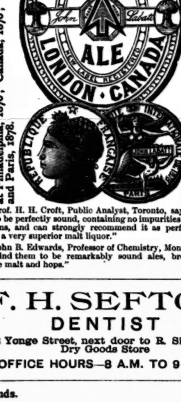

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The Art of Conversation.

Much has been said and written concerning the inanity and dulness of modern social conversation. The platitudes and trite observations about the weather and similar threadbare topics and the embarrassment which arises when these are exhausted are a frequent theme for the satirist. It is universally recognized that the art of conversation is at a low ebb. "Why do people of sense talk like fools?" asks a New York paper. It is easy to ask the question but not so easy to point out how even a person of superior intelligence and cultivation is to avoid doing so in social gatherings. Because it must be borne in mind the questions upon which people talk most easily and with which they are as a rule most familiar are tabooed in society. It would be voted extremely "bad form" for instance to start a political topic in the drawing-room and still more to venture on the forbidden ground of religious controversy. Equally indefensible it is to "talk shop." The lawyer, banker or merchant who talks sensibly enough when exchanging ideas with his business associates cannot broach those subjects with which he is best conversant without being considered ill-bred. Thus restricted to the ordinary small-talk of passing events and personalities, it is no wonder that conversation flags, and fairly intelligent people appear like candidates for the idiot asylum.

It is true, of course, that outside of these prohibited themes there is a wide scope for really well-read and cultivated people. But in conversation, as in everything else, "it is the first step that costs." A man may be well up in the comparative merits of Browning and Tennyson or the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, but how is he to lead off in this direction when the rest of the company are discussing the toilettes at the latest ball or the prospects of the lawn-tennis season? Or, supposing a favorable opening to present itself, would he not be in danger of being set down as a bore or as pedant, and finding the conversation degenerate into a monologue? People do not come to social entertainments to be lectured.

In the days when people took life more easily, and had more time for social pleasures, conversation was studied as an art. Nowadays it is' left to chance—people have too many other cares and anxieties to cultivate it. The numerous young men who are anxious for social recognition might advantageously turn their attention in this direction. The man who is a really good conversationalist, who can interest and amuse, while avoiding pedantry on the one hand and frivolity on the other, has taken a long stride towards social success.

Low-Necked Dresses.

The accounts of the discomforts endured by the ladies who attend the Queen's drawing-room, owing to the indispensable requirement of low-necked dresses, ought to make Canadian ladies thankful that common-sense has so far prevailed in the highest Canadian circles that this absurd and unhealthy fashion is no longer obligatory. There is little doubt that the exposure to the cold, raw atmosphere of an English winter or spring, often protracted for hours owing the to tedious nature of the ceremonial, has caused many premature deaths and injured permanently the health of numerous others subjected to this trying ordeal.

It must be a cause for congratulation that despite the slowness with which reforms, especially in matters of dress, progress the low-necked dress is rapidly disappearing even in England except upon those few special occasions where court etiquette demands it. It is surely a glaring anomaly that a lady in order to be in full dress should be obliged to sacrifice her comfort and health to present herself in a state bordering on semi-nudity. That the fashion should have lasted so long despite its obvious inconveniences and dangers shows what slaves mankind are to conventionality and usage.

Respecting Etiquette.

Those whose early associations have not been favorable to their acquiring a knowledge of the habits of good society frequently find themselves embarrassed in after life by a want of acquaintance with the rules of etiquette. They are often unable, to the last, to shake off the awkward feeling caused by the doubt as to whether their behavior is strictly in accord with the regulations supposed to govern social intercourse. The difficulty is not so keenly felt in a new country where the code of manners is a good deal less stringent and the line of demarcation between the upper ten and the merely wealthy much less rigidly drawn than in the Old World. Nevertheless, the position of those unused to society, who enter it with little knowledge of its usages, is often a painful and humiliating one, especially if they are naturally sensitive to criticism and keenly conscious of their short-comings. But the difficulty is not really so formidable as it appears. Hand-books of etiquette are numerous, and scores of them have doubtless been found helpful by many, but there are many cases as to which no hard and fast rule can be laid down. Natural tact and quickness of observation will generally supply the deficiency a great deal better than any formal rules can do. There was a world of wisdom in the advice given to an anxious parvenu fearful of committing himself, to "always wear a black coat and say nothing," and it is recorded that his faithful observance of this sage counsel procured him the reputation of being a remarkably well-bred man. After all, the foundation of true gentility is kindliness and consideration for the feelings of others. The man who acts on this principle will never be set down as a boor or a cad, even though he may be guilty of some slight breaches of conventional good manners. It is the loud-mouthed, obtrusive, swaggering personage, who gives himself away and emphasizes, by the attention he attracts, his lack of breeding. Quiet, undemonstrative people who are careful not to do anything that may wound the susceptibilities of others and to follow the most obvous dictates of propriety need not fear the bug-bear of etiquette.

A Stupid Hoax.

The Chicago *Times* attempts to make its readers believe that the stupid modern invention respecting the right of women to propose during leap year is really founded on ancient tradition. It gives what purports to be an extract from "an old Saxon code," as follows:

"Albeit, as often as leape yearre dothe occure the woman holdeth prerogative over the meane in matters of courtship, love, and matromonie, so that when the lady proposeth, it shall not be lawful for the man to say her nae, but shall entertaine her proposall in all gude courtesie."

The *Times* must have a poor opinion of the intelligence of its readers if it imagines that such a transparent forgery will pass with them. Fancy a Saxon using such words as "prerogative," "matrimony," and "proposeth"! And the *Empire* knows no better than to copy the stuff as a genuine piece of antiquarian research. It is evidently the invention of some "Smart Aleck" whose knowledge of philology was not sufficient to concoct a passable imitation of Saxon.

Announcements.

Arrangements have been made with Mr. S. J. Hunter whereby a weekly cartoon of public events will appear in SATURDAY NIGHT. He is well-known as the artist whose pictures were so long a feature in the windows of the *News*, and later of the *Telegram*. After a few experiments, when he succeeds in adapting his sketching to the engraving process used for our illustrations, something fine may be expected from his artistic pen. His first cartoon wil appear next week.

The new Scott press, purchased some weeks ago by the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT, has arrived, and is now being erected at our publication office. It is a magnificent piece of machinery, weighing over 20,000 pounds, though when in operation it makes little more noise than a large sewing machine. It is being erected under the supervision of a machinist from the works in Plainfield, N. J., and we hope to have it in operation in a week or ten days. When finished this machine will fold and enclose the eight pages in the cover, and none of the work will be done by hand as at present. This will enable us to handle our large and rapidly-growing circulation to better advantage, and the news agents and subscribers who have sometimes had reason to complain of delay will be much more promptly served.

As an instance of the speedily-growing popularity of SATURDAY NIGHT it may be said that last Saturday's business was better than ever before, the cash sales to news boys alone being $194.10.

Mr. H. J. Philips has resigned his position as advertising manager of *La Presse*, Montreal, and has accepted a similar position on SATURDAY NIGHT. He has charge of the advertising business of all the publications of the Sheppard Publishing Company, and may be relied upon as an affable agent who will look carefully after the interests of the advertisers in SATURDAY NIGHT.

"Widower Jones," the popular story which has been running through SATURDAY NIGHT for the last three or four months, will appear in book form next week with a handsome illustrated cover and frontispiece. Price, 30 cents in paper; cloth, with gilt title, 50 cents. Trade supplied outside of Toronto by the Toronto News Co., 42 Yonge street, Toronto. This city, by the Sheppard Publishing Co. direct. News agents are requested to send in their orders early. Subscribers who wish to receive the book may do so by remitting the publishers' price, and it will be forwarded postage free.

My English Letter.

For Saturday Night.

When each white moon, her lantern idly swinging,
Comes out to join the star night-watching band—
Across the gray-green sea a ship is bringing
For me a letter from the Motherland.

Naught would I give to live in quaint old Britain,
These wilder shores are dearer far to me,
Yet when I read the words that hand has written,
The Parent sod more precious seems to be.

Within that folded note I catch the savor
Of climes that make the Motherland so fair,
Altho' I never knew the blessed favor
That surely lies in breathing English air.

Imagination's brush before me fleeing,
Paints English pictures, tho' my longing eyes
Have never known the blessedness of seeing
The blue that lines the arch of English skies.

And yet my letter brings the scenes I covet,
Framed in the salt sea winds, aye more, in dreams
I almost see the face that bent above it—
I almost touch that hand, so near it seems.

Near, for the very gray-green sea that dashes
'Round these Canadian coasts rolls out once more
To Eastward, and the same Atlantic splashes
Her wild white spray on England's distant shore.

Near, for the same young moon so idly swinging
Her thread-like crescent bends the self-same smile
On that old land from whence a ship is bringing
My message from the transatlantic Isle.

Thus grows my world the bonnier and better
The while I drink the joys that always come
Enfolded in each creamy English letter
That drifts into my sun-kissed Western home.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

The London *Lancet* tells "how to lie when asleep." If it will teach some people how to keep from lying when they are awake it will do a public service.

Rev. Dr. Parsons.

Knox church has a couple of features which link the Presbyterian church of the present to the dear old sleepy place of the past: the "extinguisher" over the pulpit and the precentor. Who does not remember the old-fashioned precentor, leather-lunged and brass-throated, as he vociferated the tunes, followed by the droning voices of the congregation? The gentleman who acts as precentor at Knox church is evidently opposed to the use of the organ, otherwise he would not endeavor to drown its music by his shrill head-tones, which make it almost necessary for those in the front pews to wad their ears with wool.

Nature has done much for Dr. Parsons. He is a large, fine-looking man, with all the pulpit dignity which size and self-possession lend to the public speaker. He is a good, plain reader and his voice is distinct and pleasant, though it is very Yankee in its modulations—in fact Dr. Parsons is very Yankee in all his methods. He is the type of many score of American politicians I have met, and as they were thorough party men, dependent in no instance on their originality for their prominence, so I conceive him to be first, last and always a Presbyterian, never questioning the creed he expounds nor admitting the advisability of a question or the existence of any truth the creed does not contain. I imagine his genial personality compensates his congregation, if sometimes they cannot understand what it is all about, while his well-known willingness to lend his labor, pleasant face and affable presence to religious movements of every kind, makes him one of the most popular clergymen in the city.

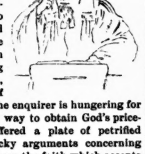
Ephesians II.—(8) For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; (9) not of works, lest any man should boast. (10) For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.

Salvation, said he, in voluble and excellent English, is the most important subject of human thought. At no time in the history of the world has there been a period when this thought has been absent from the human heart, or a people who have not been trying to escape from something impending and foreboding. Every superstition among every people is a relic of God's primeval revelation to the world. Something in the heart of man tells him he must make his peace with some deity for acknowledged sin, and every individual has sought or is seeking to escape from deserved punishment. The self-inflicted tortures, privations and penances of heathen and mistaken religionists all prove this.

"By grace are ye saved." This letter was addressed to believers and the tense of the verb is present, not future. Those who are saved know it. He had heard people say they "hoped" they were saved. It was not an open question. If a man is in Christ he is saved and he must know it. He is saved by "grace, through faith" in Christ. In accepting Christ, His home and future, by appropriation, become ours. Those now saved were dead in sin, then they became dead in Christ and were quickened together with Him and (by appropriation) sit together with Him in heavenly places. We know if we have accepted Christ and appropriated these blessings and glories to ourselves. It is not a question of "feeling." Those who depend on their feelings have no guide, for like the shifting sands of the shore and the waters of the sea they are changing from day to day.

Amidst much doctrinal talking, much of which I thought to be incoherent, and a great deal of exposition that was too vague to be edifying, he went on to point out the existence of faith in every man. The truism was repeated that the whole structure of business, society and the family is founded on the faith of the individual in some one whom he believes to be truthful, and in this connection he used the solitary illustration which found a place in his discourse: The business man reads the market quotations and believes in them, though he has no idea who prepared them, but having found that the quotations appearing in certain papers are correct. From this he argued that every man has faith enough to believe in God's word. He would not admit there could be an honest doubt. Men who doubt are liars, and cannot be trusted in any walk of life. The doubt is placed in their mind by Satan, and he is the father of lies. "Liars" is Dr. Parsons' own word as used in this connection.

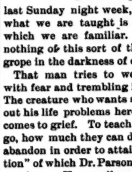
At this point I lost sympathy with the discourse, as the average man always does when he hears sweeping statements which experience has taught him are untrue. I am not an agnostic, and have no sympathy for blatant infidelity. No thoughtful man has seen the glory of the Light unless he has come through the tortures of darkness and doubt. There are natures which are not like that of Dr. Parsons! His weakness lies in the heroic embracement of his theology as all-sufficing, and the disregard of the voices which day unto day utereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge! He has not learned to read the faces which look up to his pulpit hungry for knowledge of God! His ears are dull to the cries in men's hearts for light, or he would not have spoken the cruel words that make men liars when it is often their love of truth, their high regard of honor which hold them back and prevent the acceptance of that which they do not understand. True, many professed agnostics are liars, so too are many professed Christians! Because untruth has been found in the mouth of some of the former shall they all be stigmatized as liars any more than Christians should be made to bear the sins of pretenders? Outside of professed agnosticism there are doubts; where more than in the pews of the churches themselves Doubt does not exist among those who don't care! It is among those who are in earnest and are seeking for light that perplexities and doubts find expression!



Dr. Parsons deplored the indifference which fills the pews! So do I: so does every man who takes the slightest sentimental or practical interest in religious affairs. What is the cause? Too much doctrine, too little soul; too many sweeping statements; too little attention to the aspirations of clay-fettered souls; too much theology, and too little knowledge of humanity. When the soul is panting for the water of life, it is given a cup of Calvinism; when the enquirer is hungering for a knowledge of the way to obtain God's priceless gifts, he is offered a plate of petrified postulates and rocky arguments concerning the difference between the faith which accepts the market reports in the daily paper and the uplifting faith, which is a divine gift, and leads us to do good works.

Talking about market reports, without trying to make the illustration walk on all fours, supposing the merchant found in the quotations, otherwise reliable: "Wheat, No. 1, hard per bushel, 3c." What would he conclude? That it was an error. Why? Because experience teaches him that wheat could not be handled, to say nothing of the raising of it, for three cents per bushel. There is reason mixed with faith. No man will believe in or invest on the basis of a report which his reason tells him is absurd. Frequently the newspaper reports contain typographical errors, which are soon discovered by the business man, and he rushes off to find the truth. Why? Because he cares. How are men to be interested in finding the truth with regard to affairs spiritual? Make them care. Don't call them liars because they doubt.

"Not of good works lest any man should boast!" Dr. Parsons told us that men in all ages had tried to work out their own salvation and had failed. There is something in man which impels him to an effort to take care of himself. This is true and God planted that instinct in man, and it is also true that God has never done for man anything he can do for himself. Dr. Parsons did not explain that man can do nothing outside of his reason and his experience and consequently cannot save himself from the Invisible, the Infinite, or the Unknowable. God revealed himself to us that he might no longer be the Invisible and Unknowable, and as to the Infinite we conceive of it, Mr. Shorey explained, last Sunday night week, by comparing it with what we are taught is its finite image, with which we are familiar. Dr. Parsons told us nothing of this sort of thing; we were left to grope in the darkness of erudite theology.



That man tries to work out his salvation with fear and trembling is not an ignoble trait. The creature who wants somebody else to work out his life problems here, excites disgust and comes to grief. To teach men how far they can go, how much they can do and what they must abandon in order to attain the receptive "position" of which Dr. Parsons spoke, is a preacher's province. How well was the task performed last Sunday night?

Dr. Parsons, you told us, with the charm of cultured expression and your theological expertness, that the uplifting and right-resulting faith was a gift which every man could obtain from God's hand. How? When? Where? Was there a soul within sound of your voice who did not desire the priceless gift? No. Why did they not reach out and take it? Because they could not see the hand or could not appreciate the gift! Presuming that they did appreciate, how were they to obtain? Did you tell us? Not a word. Another sermon, do you say? At another service when time is not so pressing! Yes, but the doubter you called a liar, will he be there to hear? Your sermon covered acres of doctrinal territory, but what gleam of hope did it shed on the way of the seeker who is without God, having no hope in the world? Salvation, you tell us truly, is the most important subject of human thought, and yet I have been listening to sixteen different preachers in sixteen different churches in the last sixteen Sundays, and I have not yet heard an answer to the jailer's question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

DON.

A Young Preacher's Dilemma.

"DEAR EDITOR,—

"I enclose you $1; please send me SATURDAY NIGHT, commencing with Don's pulpit sketches. A friend sent me a recent issue, in which I noticed a couple of reminiscences entitled 'His First Sermons,' which encourages me to describe a little episode which happened to myself more than thirty years ago. I think it contains a lesson which will suggest to many Methodist families that in the home circle children should be taught to offer prayers and give thanks."

The excellent preacher, whose name is withheld, need not have wasted a page of note-paper in giving reasons why his name should not be published. A simple request is enough. I can thoroughly understand a clergyman's diffidence in relating a religious experience, which, though inculcating a lesson, is wonderfully ludicrous.

"I well remember when I decided to be a preacher. After much solicitation and repeated urgings that I should tell the people how much grace had done for me, I resolved to make a trial of my powers as a preacher at a village where I was partially acquainted, some twenty miles distant from my home. One hot Saturday afternoon I drove across the country, and landed at the house of one of the head men of the church. He was a very strict man—at least I thought he was—and I stood much in awe of him. At supper time his large family gathered around the table when, turning to me, he said, 'Brother G, ask a blessing.' Now, I had prepared myself for the Sunday's prayers and had two sermons ready, but never in my life had I asked a blessing and the unexpectedness of the request completedly staggered me. I looked piteously over at him and hurriedly whispered 'You do it,' but his eyes were tightly closed, and his ears too, apparently, for a solemn silence reigned supreme. I closed my eyes and bent over my plate waiting and hoping that he would begin. But he was not going to. Big drops of perspiration came out on my brow and dropped down in a perfect shower on my plate. I was so thoroughly dazed that I could not think of a word. Another stream of perspiration ran down my forehead and fell plat, plat, plash plash in my plate, and then in a voice tremulous with fear I recited the prayer I had prepared for the opening service on Sunday morning, and had sufficient presence of mind to conclude it with a few words offering thanks for the blessings before us.

"My troubles were not over. Before we retired the worthy brother brought down a family Bible, which, I believe, from my later knowledge of him, had not been opened since the last preacher staid there all night—and requested me to hold family worship. I trembled so I could hardly read and the prayer I offered, I often think of it with a blush at my trying to preach at all, was the one I had arranged to conclude the service of the morrow. Next morning I awoke with a frightful headache and when he requested me to hold family worship again, I truthfully assured him I was so dizzy that I could not see a line, and insisted on him taking the worship himself, which he declined to do. Many times since it has been impressed on me, and the idea has been brought back to me by an article on the prayer of one of your prominent preachers, that no man should preach unless he can stand up in the presence of his God, and offer up a heartfelt petition without thinking of the words he will use and not having the fear of man in his heart."

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The examinations at Knox begin on the 27th.

*

Prof. Loudon has removed to his new house on St. George street.

*

Mr. F. A. C. Redden, a former student of University college received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at a recent meeting of the Senate. He is at present studying for a law degree at Cambridge.

*

The examination for the McCaul medal in classics will begin on March 23. Messrs. H. J. Crawford, W. B. Nichol and A. W. Milden are understood to be the competitors.

*

The glee club has retired from the scene for this session. It was recommended that next year they change for their services, when they sing at outside concerts. They will likely receive fewer invitations, and will be expected to furnish a still better class of music. Mr. R. J. Gibson was elected president, Mr. W. J. Fenton treasurer, and Mr. G. H. Faircloug leader for the coming year. Mr. E. W. Schuch will in all probability be secured again as conductor.

*

Mr. L. Boyd sang the Lullaby from Erminie on Friday evening to the literary society, and a college song in response to an encore.

*

Mr. W. Prendergast's reading, A Brakesman's Ideas on Churches, contained some humorous hits at different denominations, in the technical language of the road.

*

This was the last meeting for the year with a literary programme. The most important business that remains is the election of officers. The meetings this year have been more interesting than for two or three years back. It is to be hoped that a good man will be found to fill Mr. Creelman's place, if he is not re-elected. At a meeting held on Monday, Mr. T. C. Robinette was proposed to be elected by acclamation, but about thirty of his opponents objected. There is a strong feeling in favor of Prof. Hutton.

*

Mr. J. A. Garvin, B.A., is one of the lacrosse team bound for England.

*

The recruit class for K Company was organized on Tuesday afternoon last. Sergt. W. P. Mustard has been doing duty as orderly sergeant.

*

At a German meeting of the Modern Language club on Monday afternoon, Herr Link read an excellent essay on Minna Von Barn Helm, one of Lessing's plays. Mr. J. H. Rodds' essay on Volkslieder seemed to be more appreciated than the one he read at the Literary Society. The president, Mr. Gordon Waldron, contributed a reading. The subject of next week's meeting is Victor Hugo.

TOGA.

Our Servant Girl.

We hired her, but she could not cook;
She knew not how to make a bed,
And I will swear upon the book
She could not bake a loaf of bread.

She into corners swept the dust;
A dustpan she had never seen;
The range took on a coat of rust;
Pots, pans and kettles were unclean.

Till it was black she boiled the tea,
The pan in which she boiled the fish
She used uncleansed for fricasee.
At every meal she broke a dish.

Although in splendid health, and strong,
Of work she seemed to be afraid;
She never cleaned the lamps so long
As she could do without their aid.

About her rights she had no doubt
And did not fear of them to speak;
She wanted every Sunday out
And three nights also every week.

My wife to her becoming cool,
She left us—sulky, black as ink.
She's now instructress in a school
For training servant girls, I think.

—*Somerville Journal.*

Here and There.

AMO, AMARE, AMAVI, AMATUM.

To hear a girl sigh
How it makes *a-man-di*
To learn if it's nature or art, sir!
For if it means "Go,"
What can *a-man-do*
But take up his heart and depart, sir!
Yet it may whisper "Come,"
Then it strikes *a-man-dum*,
And he takes her with joy to his heart, sir.

Ex.

* * *

Rev. Dr. Chas. F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, New York, is to make his first appearance in Toronto on the 20th March, when he lectures at Association Hall. Dr. Deems is amongst the most notable of the pulpit orators of the American metropolis, and has a peculiar charm on the lecture platform. His chosen subject is "Trifles," a subject which he makes most interesting and instructive with his wit and eloquence.

* * *

The Rev. S. J. Shorey, no doubt impelled by a suggestion in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, has seen fit to place himself on record with regard to eternal punishment. It is evident the reverend gentleman is afraid of being thought heterodox, and though his remarks are aimed at the logical deductions made by "Don" from his sermon of a week ago last Sunday night he did not frame his sermon as a reply. He referred in his pulpit to the criticisms of his elocution, and in a very manly way, expressed the hope that he was not quite as bad as he was described; he was aware he had many faults and would endeavor to correct them. His sermon on future punishment, as reported in the daily press, is an astounding contradiction of the arguments advanced from the same pulpit a week before. I quote from the report: "Even if this Bible did not distinctly state that this punishment was eternal he should still believe it and preach that doctrine." I am not about to enter in into a theological controversy, but to ask those who heard Mr. Shorey's two sermons and those who read the sketch of a week ago, to mentally inquire how he can harmonize his two statements which are as far apart as the poles. In the paragraph quoted note the excessive zeal of Mr. Shorey when he says that even if the Bible did not teach eternal punishment he would still believe it and preach it. What sort of reasoning is this? Is it not orthodoxy gone mad? He who so sternly condemned Calvinism as unnatural and horrible, and intimated that it was responsible for the slow progress of Christianity, is so in love with the idea of eternal punishment that he would still believe it and preach it even if the Bible did not distinctly state it. He stated in his sermon the other night that fear has ceased to be an important factor in leading men to do right; but it strikes me that fear of the Conference and fear of being suspected of heterodoxy, has made Brother Shorey retrace his steps with such marvellous alacrity that one is led to believe that he "protests too much."

* * *

The city, as the resolutions of political conventions read, "views with alarm" the revelations made in the council the other night by Ald. Gillespie. Everyone believes that Ald. Gillespie is a good-living and well-meaning man, though quite a number of people are aware that he lacks ballast, and that when he gets going he sometimes drags his anchor. In view of these two points the revelations he made with regard to the charges against Inspector Lackie have been received with a certain amount of incredulity, though those who allege sinister motives on his part have nothing but their suspicions upon which to base their statements. Those who know Ald. Gillespie have reason to believe him an honorable man. Public Works Inspector Lackie's friends are not slow to profess their faith in their man, whose record has always been clean. The many charges and counter-charges, which have resulted in so many investigations, have done much to disillusionize the public. The thorough airing civic matters have received in recent campaigns, the downfall of men high in public esteem, caused by the failure of the Central Bank, are enough to awaken general suspicion that municipal and commercial morals in Toronto are in a bad state.

* * *

The readiness of men to take sides in a question of this kind and to angrily answer charges by sneers and counter-indictments, shows that friendship is not yet dead, and that men are expected to stick to their friends through thick and thin. This laudable impulse can be carried too far. Men in positions of public trust should know no friends. The people are their clients and any use, or rather abuse, of friendship in the matter of contracts or shielding the guilty is a menace to the commonwealth. "He is a good-fellow and a friend of mine" is too often the only recommendation used by influential people in endeavoring to foist their companions into responsible positions. Many a public man who has intended to do right has been forced by the clamor of his friends to make wrong appointments and to shield guilty people under the mistaken idea that the bonds of friendship demand such compliance. Friendship has no such meaning, and the man who asks another to do a wrong for friendship's sake is a subtle and dangerous tempter whose professions of friendship are a snare and delusion.

* * *

Changes of civic administration are valuable insomuch as they are almost sure to break up the spoilsmen's cliques of "good fellows" and "jolly friends," whose very intimacy is a conspiracy against public property. Ald. Gillespie had a perfect right to make the charges, if as he claims he had corroborative and documentary proof that they are true, and if he succeeds in proving his case, every taxpayer will have reason to thank him for his courage in attacking such a monstrous abuse. If, however, he has a malicious motive it will transpire, and he will meet the condemnation he deserves. While the widespread suspicion caused by the previous investigations may lead many to pre-judge Inspector Lackie's character, if he is innocent the persecution will but increase his popularity and add to the number of his friends. Many an innocent man before now has been put on trial and forced to spend some of his hard-earned savings to establish his honor. It is one of the misfortunes which accompany public position; but he will not be left to bear the burden alone if his innocence is proved. By all means let us have an investigation so thorough and searching that there can be no suggestion of whitewashing or condoning of offences.

Trinity Talk.

A handsome brass memorial tablet has been placed under the Bishop Strachan Memorial (east) window in the college chapel. It bears the following inscription:

IN PIAM MEMORIAM PATRIS
REVERENDISSIMI IN CHRISTO
JOHANNIS STRACHAN, S.T.P.,
PRIMI EPISCOPI TORONTONENSIS
ET HUJUS ACADEMIÆ FUNDATORIS,
A. D. MDCCCLII,
HANC FENESTRAM, D.D.,
POSTERI EJUS.

* The annual meeting of the Literary institute was held on Friday night, the president (E. C. Cayley, B.A.) in the chair. The retiring secretary (C. H. Shutt, B.A.), the retiring curator (D. R. C. Martin), and the treasurer (S. F. Houston), presented their annual reports, which were all read and adopted.

* The treasurer's report was especially encouraging, showing a better financial position than it probably has ever done before.

* The next item on the agenda paper was the election of officers for the coming year. These resulted as follows: President—T. S. Broughall, B.A.; secretary—S. F. Houston; treasurer—D. R. C. Martin—all elected by acclamation while the following were the result of a ballot—that of the office of non-official being especially well contested, seeing that it called for the chairman's casting vote: Librarian—T. Grayson-Smith; curator—E. Vicars-Stevenson; non-official—W. M. Loucks.

* The newly elected officers each delivered themselves of gratulatory speeches—the retiring president gave his parting harangue, and the valedictories of members who are graduating and leaving college this year were received, and after some personal matters had been discussed the meeting adjourned.

* H. W. Church, '85, was the only honorary member present at the annual meeting.

* I understand that Mr. R. G. Doherty, formerly of Trinity college chapel choir, has taken charge of the newly organized choir of St. Mark's, Parkdale.

* The last meeting for this year of the theological and missionary meeting was held on Tuesday evening, the president (Rev. Provost Body) in the chair. A most able paper on Canadian missions and mission work, was read by the Lord Bishop of Niagara. The Lord Bishop of Algoma also addressed the meeting on the same subject, with especial reference to the need of more clergy in his own diocese. The Rev. Rural Dean Langtry and Provost Body also spoke before the meeting adjourned.

* The March number of the *Trinity University Review* will be out this week. Copies will evidently be in great demand, owing to the fact that it will contain Rev. Prof. Clark's exposition of Kingsley's Water Babies.

* I might also mention that Prof. Clark's new book Witnesses to Christ is just published, and may be obtained from Rowsell & Hutchison, for the price of $1.50 per copy.

* Lectures for this term end on Friday, after which the Dean will be happy to issue exeats.

* H. A. Bowden goes to take charge of the parish of Norval during the Easter vacation. T. T. Norgate will assist Rev. H. G. Moore at Shelbourne, and Geo. Bonsfield will probably supply Elora.

* Trinity term commences on April 7. Lectures begin on the 9th.

* Rev. Prof. Clark preached at St. Stephen's church on Sunday evening. OMEGA.

The Sluggard.

A SONNET.

HE exhibits no facility
In matters of agility,
In line of immobility
He is actually great.
Averse to things athletic,
He is fond of the aesthetic,
And a lassitude pathetic
Is his customary state
He is happy in appearance,
Quite a "Bruce" in perseverance
When he's searching for a seat whereon to sit.
He's a kind of human lichen;
When his lazy bones enrichen
Mother earth, he'll not be missed a single bit.

M. A. CHILDS.

The Figure 8.

We do not hesitate to st8
That 1888
Is something very choice and gr8
For ladies who desire to m8
And when they meet their proper f8
You bet we don't exaggerate
When boldly we asserert
That not a woman will be l8
In gobbling up the tempting b8.

—*Pittsburg Press.*

"Have you ever seen Held by the Enemy, at the Grand to-night?" inquired a friend.

"No, is it any good?"

"Splendid! I saw it at the Star theater, New York, and would advise you to go and see it."

I took the advice and went, and was not sorry. I enjoyed it immensely, although I was unfortunately sitting behind two or three tall ladies, with high bonnets with higher feathers, which necessitated some clever dodging, to see the stage. The play is a strong military drama, abounding in some startling and realistic situations. The court-martial scene of the second act, and the scenes at the division headquarters being especially good; leaving vivid impressions of the stern realities of war, from which the audience are relieved only on the fall of the curtain. A new feature in the third act and one I believe, only produced in Held by the Enemy company—is the imitation of a horse galloping from a distance up the cobbled street to the division headquarters, where the aide-de-camp dismounts with dispatches, receives fresh orders and away again on his invisible steed, whose hoofs you hear clatter, clatter, until lost in the distance. It is a splendid and realistic imitation and received well deserved applause.

* The company is decidedly good and produced a most favorable impression which I think was justly deserved. Mr. Wilson, as Colonel Prescott, rendered his rather difficult part with much spirit, and showed himself passibly strong in emotional parts.

* Mr. Wm. Haworth, who played Lieut. Hayne, is a strong, enthusiastic, and clever actor, and made a capital proud and haughty young Southerner.

* Mr. Chas. Stokes, as Maj.-Gen. Stamburg, Mr. Moray, as Brigade-Surgeon Fielding, Mr. Paul Arthur, as the all-important and audacious Special for Leslie's, and Mr. Jos. Humphreys, as Uncle Rufus, all gave a very acceptable and satisfactory performance.

* Mrs. Kate Wilson made a refined, proud Lady Euphemia McCreery and gave satisfaction. Miss Charlotte Behrens, as Rachel, showed strong emotional talent, and with her strong acting won the sympathies of the audience. Miss Minnie Du Pree, who with Leslie's Special, was responsible for the contorted faces and aching sides, and a broken seat also, which some gentleman fell through in his laughing struggles, has a charming manner, sweet Southern voice and a graceful petite figure that played havoc with a good many susceptibles. She played the part of Susan with delicate vivacity.

* Little Nugget was on at the Toronto all week and played to good business. The play is a comedy-drama; the comedy proving much the better attractions. The fun was fast and uproarous of the Let-her-go-Gallagher style, which kept the audience tired with laughter. Although there is no real merit in the play except perhaps a few witty jokes, Mr. H. S. Cawthorn, who is a decided clever comedian, by his excellent acting as Barney O'Brady kept the audience interested and the "pot-a-boiling." The play opens with Mr. Barney O'Brady undertaking the delicate task of teaching a country school, in the absence of the regular teacher, his son; but not being initiated in the mysteries of school teaching, he proves a very doubtful success. Miss Josie Sisson, as Little Nugget, and ward of Old Grinder (Mr. Midgley, Jr.), is first introduced as one of the scholars, and with her schoolmates, Billy Simpkins (Mr. Oscar Sisson) and Jakey Kumpher (Mr. Joe Cawthorn), make quite a lively time of it. Oliver D. Sudden (Mr. Geo. Payne), a lawyer, discovers Little Nugget is heiress to the property. Old Grinder claims as his, and after many difficulties and dangers are surmounted finally proves his claims, and Little Nugget comes happily into her wealth. Miss Sisson's singing and dancing were pleasing. She has a rich full voice and knows how to use it. The concertina playing of Messrs. H. S. and Joe Cawthorn was also well done and applauded.

* Minnie Palmer will appear at the Grand Opera House next week, and will play each night and Saturday matinee. She plays no Wednesday matinees. Her coming is like the spring, always welcome, and bearing promises sure of fulfilment. The dainty little lady is well-known in Toronto, and is well regarded by all. She will present her new play, which has proved a great success, My Brother's Sister, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee, and My Sweetheart on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says: "A large audience welcomed Minnie Palmer to the city last night, when she played My Brother's Sister, which has been successful everywhere since its first production. It tells of a girl masquerading as a boy in order to save her poor father in his struggles for existence. This state of affairs brings about many complications, affording Minnie Palmer an unlimited number of opportunities to show her many sumptuous dresses, her wonderful collection of diamonds, and her clever and spirited acting."

* The strong hold which the "natural nature" has upon every true lover of the drama is exemplified in the hearty support with which they have always encouraged such productions, and such nature is only to be found in a *locale*, away from and unhampered by the practical, work-a-day and deadening atmosphere of the metropolis of the world. Is it a wonder, then, that while delineations of the puerilities of fashionable life fade into obscurity through sheer weakness, such productions as Eagle's Nest, Davy Crockett and others live and grow stronger, nourished by their own fragrant freshness and the approbation of a people. Eagle's Nest will be presented at the Toronto Opera house all next week, except on Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, when Barrod Out will be given. Edwin Arden and Miss Agnes Arden are the principal attractions in the company.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Actors are artists," insists Henry Irving. True; even ballet-dancers are limners.

Buffalo Bill's wild west show will leave England for America April 1. It will open at Erastina, Staten Island, June 15, for the summer.

In the theater: "But why do you weep? The acting is certainly not so touching." "Excuse me; I am bewailing the money I paid to come in."

The actors and agents who had their mail directed to the Morton House, New York, are now singing, The Letter That Never Came. They were destroyed in the recent fire.

Miss Fanny Davenport, now playing the title role of La Tosca at the New Broadway theater, was born at London in 1850. Clara Morris, Emma Albani and Mrs. Langtry were born in the same year.

Henry Irving uses in "Olivia" an old spinet which he picked up in an old curiosity-shop in London. It was made in 1745, and its quaint old music jangles most harmoniously in its old surroundings in the play.

Miss Cooper-Parr, a grand niece of Fenimore Cooper has made her debut on the stage in England as the heroine of a new play called Sidonie. She is described as tall, handsome, graceful and a fairly good actress.

"There goes Lumley. He's an actor now, I believe?"

"Yes—in hard luck, though. He lost $27,000 last season."

"Twenty-seven thousand dollars! Gad, I didn't think he was so fine an actor."

Mary Anderson's friends are hard at work contradicting the story of her engagement to a young English commercial traveler. But the rumor is true nevertheless, and you may be assured that when her forthcoming tour in America is at an end, she will be led to the altar.

Centuries before Shakespeare lived, the seven ages of man were depicted by Japanese artists, it is said. Little by little the originality of the plays is being so closely questioned that before long it will not matter much who first wrote them in English.—*Omaha World.*

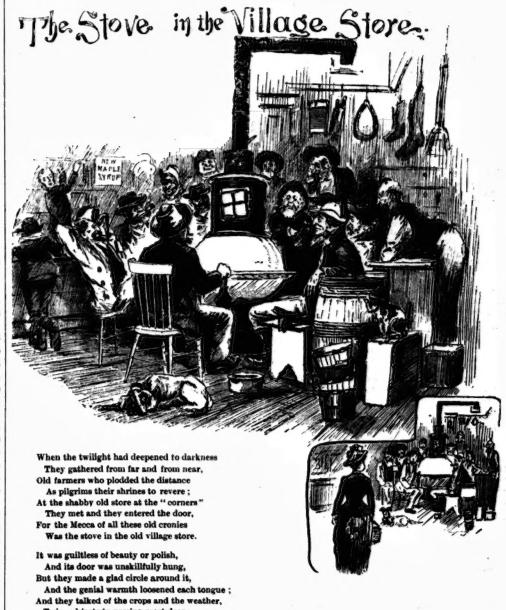
While Lawrence Barrett is some three thousand miles from his home, his daughter, Gertrude, a pretty girl of eighteen, has stolen away to England to visit her friend, Miss Mary Anderson—and incidentally, they do say, to catch a glimpse of her fiance, Joseph Anderson. The latter is a young man of twenty-five, and before he wore a beard bore a startling resemblance to his handsome sister.

Maud Granger has just returned from California where, for the past two years, she has been indulging in a series of spasmodic starring tours with more or less success—generally less. Miss Granger is the very picture of health, and the finest specimen of a victim of bad management to be found in America. She is a lady of undoubted talent, fine personal appearance, widely and favorably known, and yet she has never really achieved success in a financial way. She has invariably fallen into the hands of managers who either lacked experience or capital, and her starring tours have resembled nothing so much as the flight of a rocket. She has not yet decided what her next move will be and is waiting for something to turn up.

A writer in The Etiquette of Men's Dress, lately got a focus on unsuspecting Richard Mansfield and thus did him up: "Mr. Richard Mansfield, who enjoys the reputation of being, perhaps, the best dressed man on the stage, wears in the morning a neglige suit of light chocolate-colored cloth, comprising a loose coat and trowsers of the same pattern, secured about the waist with a cord of the same shade of silk and gold. To this costume a shirt of plain or colored silk adds elegance and freedom. This is, perhaps, a trifle imperial, but the effect upon the early morning caller of a spick-and-span costume of this kind is somewhat more agreeable than the less formal conventional robe-wrap usually affected as an undress costume."

Anyone who has visited Sir Arthur Sullivan at home may have noticed in a place of honor on the wall of his study a very primitive butterfly-net, of simple pattern and apparently of very little value. Yet the composer of Ruddigore places great store on this net, for it is the work of royal hands. Years ago, when Sir Arthur was plain Mr. Sullivan, he was one of a party of guests at the Duke of Edinburgh's. One morning it was proposed to go out in search of moths and butterflies for a collection which a gentleman present was making, and, observing that the musician had no net, the Duchess ran to her boudoir, and in a few minutes had improvised one and attached it to a handle. This, Sir Arthur, after having carried it all day, and brought home in triumph, begged as a souvenir of his visit, and keeps it among his treasures until this day.

The Stove in the Village Store.



When the twilight had deepened to darkness
They gathered from far and from near,
Old farmers who plodded the distance
As pilgrims their shrines to revere;
At the shabby old store at the "corners"
They met and they entered the door,
For the Mecca of all these old cronies
Was the stove in the old village store.

It was guiltless of beauty or polish,
And its door was unskillfully hung,
But they made a glad circle around it,
And the genial warmth loosened each tongue;
And they talked of the crops and the weather,
Twin subjects to gossips most dear,
And the smoke from their pipes, as it blended,
Gave a tinge to the whole atmosphere.

Full many the tales they related,
And wondrous the yarns that they spun,
And doubtful the facts that they stated,
And harmless the wit and the fun;
But if ever discussion grew heated
It was all without tumult or din,
And they gave their respectful attention
When a customer chanced to come in.

When the evening was spent and the hour
For the time of their parting had come,
They rapped from their pipes the warm ashes,
And reluctantly started for home;
Agreeing to meet on the morrow
When the day, with its labors was o'er,
For the Mecca of all the old cronies
Was the stove in the old village store.

MRS. A. E. TREAT.

Father Laurent.

Foremost among the pioneers of music in Toronto, stands Father Laurent of St. Michael's cathedral. As the reverend father's musical powers are well known, and have already been noticed at considerable length in the second number of SATURDAY NIGHT, it will be unnecessary to repeat here what we then said. His earnest efforts to promote the efficiency of his choir have spoken, and still speak, for themselves to all lovers of good music.

"Here's an advertisement puffing the latest thing in blankets," said Mrs. Mooney. "Now, if I had to write a funny paragraph, I should say the latest thing in blankets was a lazy husband."

"I swear by those tall elms in yonder park——" he commenced, but she interrupted him.

"Swear not by them," she said imploringly.

"Why not?"

"Because those trees are slippery elms," she said simply.

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WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Parnin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH RUTH INDULGES IN VAIN REGRETS.

"It will be a long while, Rufe," said Ruth, with a faint attempt at a smile, "before I help you to play any more jokes like that."

Rufus needed no accuser as he stood watching his sister's shame-stricken face, but he could not refrain from saying in his own defence:

"You know I did it for Ben, Ruth, an' I didn't think th' old sneak would take on like he did, er I never would have put up any sich job fer th' best farm in th' county."

Ben understood Ruth's shame, and while he stooped down to divest his clothing of some of the strings and pins which had given him such a grotesque appearance he tried to comfort her by pooh-poohing the idea of any apologies or explanations.

"Why child, it was nothing but a lark, and if the old man made a fool of himself and got too because we caught him at it, you oughtn't to feel sore about it. You only did what any fun-loving girl would have done. But, 'said he, straightening up, "I owe you a thousand thanks for giving me an opportunity to prove to my father that he is as mean a man as I always thought him."

Ruth was not to be so easily comforted. She knew that no woman ever stands as well in a man's eyes after she has been humiliated and reproached even by so worthless a character as Deacon Jones. She could not but feel that the night's performance, while it had excited Ben's pity, had lowered her in his estimation.

"It's all very well," said she faintly, "to say it is all right, but I feel ashamed of myself, and I know in your hearts you are both ashamed of me."

Poor Rufe could not endure his sister's reproaches and in another moment would have gone out to the barn to have a good bawl, accompanied by much profanity directed at himself. The thought that he had been the means of getting his idolized sister into a compromising position tortured him more than it would the majority of men, for all his thoughts and care, all his tenderness and love were devoted to her, and all his plans for the future were for Ruth and not himself.

"Why R-u-t-h, I don't see what yer takin' on fer? It wa'n't your fault that th' Deacon made a fool of hisself. What *our* yeh lookin' so down-hearted fer? Air yeh sick, er what's the matter of yeh?—yer pulled out yer face as long and heart-broke like, as if yeh 'd spiled a new frock."

"That's right, Mrs. Gilbert," broke in Ben. "Give her a good lecture for being so broken-up because the Deacon tried to kiss her and wanted her to marry him. She hasn't anything to feel bad about, though I wouldn't blame the old man for being a trifle dejected after feeling so sure that he had only to ask her to name the day and have the wedding come off at once."

"That's just what I feel so ashamed of," said Ruth, sadly, raising her eyes, "that anyone could think of me so meanly or hold me so cheap as your father did! What idea could he have had of me? What had I done to think that he could treat me as he has to-night. O Rufe," she cried, clasping her hands, "I could have died of shame and I never would have stayed in the room a minute if I hadn't promised you and known that you and your friend wanted me to do it."

Though Ben had partially appreciated Ruth's painful position, he now began to realize what a cruel thing he had done, and that the gay and thoughtless girl, unlike the people with whom he had associated so long, could not play the part he had chosen for her, without feeling her self-respect injured and her womanhood degraded, feeling how useless it was for him to try to laugh away her humiliation and shame, he was forced to adopt another method.

"Ruth," he began, "I begin to thoroughly understand your feelings in this matter, and I know I am the chief offender. Don't blame Rufe. I coaxed him into it; and he never would have consented if I hadn't made him believe it would turn out all right, and that you would have as much fun out of it as we would——"

"There!" interrupted Ruth, sorrow and anger uniting in a tremulous reproach. "That only shows you thought as lightly of me as your father did, and supposed that I had no fine feelings like other women."

Mrs. Gilbert could not half understand what was being said and stood with eyes and mouth open, her hands on her hips, looking first at one and then the other.

"Why, mercy sakes alive, girl," she exclaimed. "I don't see no harm in him thinkin' yeh full of fun an' ready fer most any caper, fer that's th' kind of a girl yer always been; and lots a' times when I told yeh not teh do things, yer jist laughed an' told me yeh were goin' teh her a good time, no matter what come."

"I suppose you are right, mother," sighed Ruth, struggling hard to choke down a sob, "even Rufe seems to have thought me that kind of a girl."

"No I didn't, Ruth, you know I didn't. I know'd I was doin' wrong an' a hundred times since I saw Ben I've thought to myself that I was gittin' yeh inteh a scrape though I had no idea that dam old fool 'd hav' acted like he did er I would hev' stopped it long afore it begun."

By this time Ben was miserable as a man can be and was busying his brain to find some means of relieving Ruth from her bitter mortification:

"I plead guilty, Ruth, but I hope you believe that if I had expected any such result as this I would have been the last one to suggest the apparently harmless plot which seems to have involved us all in common misery. But you are really magnifying the affair and imagining it possible for us to think of you as anything but the sweet, good girl we know you to be."

A little flush crept into Ruth's pale face as she heard these words, for Ben spoke with a kindness which had a tender thrill in it.

"Don't think of it any more, my little friend," said he, going over to her chair, catching her handkerchief and dexterously binding it over her eyes. "Forbid any more tears to come and reproach us. Let's think and talk of something else."

Ruth sat perfectly motionless, her hands clasped in her lap. The touch of Ben's fingers on her temples and his presence so near thrilled her with happiness, followed by a pang of hopelessness and regret. She raised her hand and quietly removed the handkerchief from her eyes, as she said:

"I know you are sorry but please don't pity me; it's just a little bit worse than being scorned."

Mrs. Gilbert was sitting upright on one of the stiny spindle-legged chairs, making a desperate effort to find out what all these things meant.

"Why Ruth, what makes yeh so techy? There haint nobody got nuthin' teh pity yeh fer, sch what's the use actin' as if th' hull world was not agin' yeh?

"The world is not very big, mother," said Ruth sadly, "and if the little section one knows of it thinks of one as it seems to of me, it's enough to make anyone feel touchy, and, and—hopeless."

"Why, R-u-t-h!"

"You know it just as well as I do, mother. It was only the other day you told me yourself that it doesn't take much to set people talking about a girl, when Mrs. Hooper was in, saying such a lot of mean things about Hope Campton. If people talk about as good a girl as she is and all turn against her just because they have heard some story that nobody knows who started, I don't think it is very touchy for me to feel offended because I have made a fool of myself trying to have a lark with Deacon Jones. He'll go and tell it all over the whole neighborhood and to-morrow night when the school children go past they'll all shout at me "How's the Deacon!"

"You needn't be scared of that" said Ben. "The old man will never give it away, and I am sure none of the rest of us will."

"Yes, but yesterday he told the girls and everybody else at your place that he was going to get married and likely enough led them to believe that I was the silly creature he had selected. It will get out all right enough."

Ben was anxious to hear something more about the rumors concerning Hope Campton, and deluding himself with the idea that he was simply desirous of turning the conversation he enquired.

"Talking about Hope Campton, what set the people against her? When I was home in the summer my sisters, and everybody else were holding her up as the paragon of perfection and in four short months I find her an object of suspicion, but I can't learn what it's all about."

"Neither can anyone else," answered Ruth, "and yet I have heard so much that I confess that, much talked of as I must have been myself, I was almost afraid to speak to her."

"I have never heard you talked about, Ruth, except to hear good of you, and I don't believe there is a word of truth in the shadowy stories people are telling of Ruth. Where do these tales come from?"

Mrs. Gilbert felt justified, at this point, in assuming the burden of the conversation.

"As fer 's I kin learn Mrs. Hooper knows more about it than anyone else, an as fer's I kind find out there wa'nt noboby hed heard a word till she begun tellin' suthin' at th' quilin' bee over teh Mitchell's. Like enough if anyone follied up the story they'd find out that Mrs. Hooper started it herself, like she hez more'n one story afore now."

"How's your cider barrel, Rufe?" cried Ben, cheerily. "Let's drop these scandals and talk about something pleasant."

"I guess the barrel 's pretty nigh full," exclaimed Rufe, jumping up with alacrity, glad to escape from so dismal a scene. "I'll bring yeh up a snifter tha'll make yer hair stand."

The cider having been disposed of, Ben began to tell stories and sing snatches of songs, and it was not long before he had them all holding their sides, as hilarious a little company as he had ever amused. He went over to the piano and played and sang and gave imitations of leading actors, and whistled and danced till he hoped Ruth had forgotten her unpleasant experience, and then pulling a little traveling-cap out of his pocket, and stuffing his wig into the bosom of his blouse, he bade them good-night. Holding Ruth's hand in his own he whispered to her, "Forgive me, Ruth, for having caused you pain. Promise me never to think of it again."

She looked up at him gratefully, but the merry sparkle went out of her eyes as she answered:

"I'll try not, but I find it is easier to act silly than to forget it or have it forgotten."

(To be Continued.)

Grace Before Meat.

AN IDYL OF CHURCH AND STAGE.

I. A certain parson and a lord
Had called some poor ones to his board—

II. Invited them to dine and wine,
Around his table superfine.

III. Sixty they were, guests of an hour,
Whom thirst and hunger had in power.

IV. The banquet was a sumptuous one,
But, oh! would never grace be done?

V. We thanked the Lord for this and that,
While the sixty guests in hunger sat.

VI. He lectured and advised the Lord,
While Famine hovered o'er the board.

VII. He banned the stage and all its race,
And (purposely) spun out his "grace."

VIII. The hour expired ere grace was said,
And they departed all, unfed.

IX. Ye preachers! Rhetoric is rife.
The poor have use of fork and knife—
O, feed them with the bread of life!

X. Help them to live and love and think.
'Twixt God and man supply the link—
And help them to—their meat and drink.

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

Funny Fancies.

P. T. Barnum, the showman, is quoted as saying that he would accept the Republican nomination for President. But, despite his profession, Barnum has no show.

The people of Buffalo offer $100,000 for a successful plan for utilizing Niagara falls. A great many hackmen have discovered how to utilize the falls without offering any such big price

If a young man is very anxious to know what a young woman really thinks of him he generally finds out by questioning her little brother; but nine times out of ten such a young man will wish afterwards that he hadn't.

HOUSEKEEPER.—No, taking off the duty on carpet wool will not increase the tacks on carpets. They will be put down with swear words and a tack hammer as usual.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Temperance Apostle—Do you know, my young friend, that whisky is a terrible destroyer?

Young Man—Yes, sir, and so is water, much more so. Think of the flood!

Husband (exasperated)—What in the mischief did you do with the snow shovel I brought home last night?

Wife—What did you expect I would do with it, John? I tied a red ribbon around the handle and put it in the parlor.

He was talking to a Kentucky audience on the subject of the tariff. Said he, "Take whisky for instance," when every man in the audience arose and exclaimed, "Thank you; don't care if I do," and the lecturer had to stand treat or die.—*Texas Siftings.*

"I feel very sorry for the rich Duke of Newcastle," said a New Yorker to a friend, the other day. "Why?" asked the latter, "is he laboring under any misfortune?" "Well, I should say he was. This is leap year, you know, and the duke has only one leg.—*Judge.*

"Remember, my boy," said Uncle James, as he gave Bobby a coin, "that if you take care of the pennies the dollars will take care of themselves." Bobby looked a trifle dubious. "I do take care of the pennies,' he replied, "but as soon as they get to be dollars pa takes care of 'em."—*New York Sun.*

St. Peter (to applicant)—You say you were an editorial writer on an Ottawa newspaper?

Applicant—Yes sir.

St. Peter—Step into the elevator, please.

Applicant (stepping into the elevator)—How soon does it go up?

St. Peter—It doesn't go up, it goes down.

Judge (to jury)—Have you agreed upon a verdict? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty of theft, as charged in the indictment? Foreman—We have not yet reached a verdict, your honor. I missed my pocket-book in the night, and would respectfully ask that each juror be searched.—*New York Sun.*

A young man proposed for the hand of a beautiful girl. As she hesitated, he said: "I await your answer with bated breath." The girl, who is a good deal of a humorist, said: "Well, Mr. Blank, you will have to bait your breath with something besides whisky to catch your humble servant."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Mr. Gotham (after performance of Julius Cesar)—And so you were pleased, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—Delighted with the whole performance, Mr. Gotham, and so much obliged to you. I think Mare Antony's oration over Cæsar's body the cutest thing I ever saw. —*Epoch.*

Mrs. Kerless—You seem greatly changed and improved since your return from Europe, Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Thompson—Oh, vastly, I assure you. Why, I'm a different man altogether.

Mrs. K.—Indeed! How pleasant that must be for Mrs. Thompson.—*Boston Beacon.*

At the Matinee.

She seemed so sweet and so susceptible,
So young and so petite, so bright and full,
Of tenderness that I was fain to think
The god of love himself had forged a link
To join us twain, and fixed this lovely day
For me to find her at the matinee.
My sleeve touched hers, my eyes her programme swept,
We smiled alike, and when my neighbor wept,
My eyes grew dim, my heart beat loud and fast—
The ushers must have heard it, going past,
And when some extra touch my soul did stir,
I turned and took a long fond look at her.
She gave me back my glance, and I can swear
On that soft cheek a smile was lurking there.
No one can tell how proud I was that day,
Except some other fellow at a matinee.
Her fragrant handkerchief, her nut-brown hair
Took me to bliss, and then to blank despair.
But she had smiled, and angels' smiles are true;
Her sleeve touched mine again—I bolder grew,
And with a nonchalant but quite mien
I tucked my card, her muff and glass between.
She lifted it without a change of face,
And in the sweetest tones, with charming grace,
Inquired: "Have you a mother living, sir?"
I bowed my head. "Then please take this to her."
And then the siren wrote, and this is what I read:
"Your little boy is ill. Put him to bed."

ELEANOR KIRK.

The Fox Hunting Judge.

Rather a good story used to be told by Justice Porter, a well known legal bon vivant of Dublin. It concerns a rare old Irish judge on the northwest circuit, who loved the hunting field more than he did the stupid, sleepy court room. His clerk was like minded, and a joyous pair they made.

One fine morning the clerk whispered to the judge:

"Yer honor, old Billy Duane's meet's to-day at Ballykillmulligan, an' they've a fine dog fox."

"How many's in the dock?" asked the judge excitedly.

"Twenty, for rioting and breach of promise, yer honor."

"Tom," said the judge, "do you think you can get the first fellow to plead guilty without a jury trial, and me to let him off with a week in jail?"

"The easiest thing in the world," answered the faithful clerk.

"Make haste then, and bring the whole gang; and, I say, Tom, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile."

The twenty Fenians were brought into the court—a defiant gang, nineteen of them prepared to fight with counsel and jury to the bitter end. The twentieth had been interviewed by the clerk. He was called.

"Guilty or not guilty of the crime charged?" demanded the judge, with a propitious smile.

"Guilty, yer honor," said the crafty prisoner.

"Well," said the judge, glancing benevolently about the room, "I fancy I can let you off with a week."

The man thanked the judge and stepped down to the bailiff. There was a terrific sensation among the other defendants. Why, none of them expected to get off with less than five years in limbo. Here was a chance to profit by his honor's pleasant mood. One and all manifested an earnest desire to follow the example of their comrade and acknowledge the crimes in a batch.

"Do you all plead guilty?" demanded the judge eagerly.

"We do!" shouted the enthusiastic nineteen, in chorus.

"Fourteen years' transportation apiece," exclaimed the judge, with a click of his jaw—"Jerry, is the mare saddled yet?"

Why Some Men Wear Long Coats.

People wondered why a man of Pelham Manner's magnificent setup, should always wear one of those disfiguring long ulsters—

But an unfriendly gust of wind solved the problem, one day.

Making a Sacrificce.

"Alfred, you ask me to be your wife; to give you my love. In exchange will you make a small sacrifice for me?"

"Speak darling."

"Well, promise me that from the day we are married you will never smoke another cigar."

"I promise."

"And you do it without the slightest regret?"

"Certainly—I like my pipe a great deal better."

An Unpropitious Moment.

Book Agent (to little boy)—Sonny, is your ma in?

Little Boy—Yes, she's in; but I guess you don't want to talk literachure to her now.

Book Agent—Why not?

Little Boy—'Cause dinner's been ready half an hour and pa ain't got home yit.

Hasty departure of agent.

A Good Excuse.

Karl—I say, Fritz, where is your watch?

Fritz—My room is so small that I couldn't wind up my watch in it, so I thought I might just as well leave it with the pawnbroker for safe keeping.

Wanted to go Higher.

St. Peter—What are you doing up here?

Stranger—Trying to see how high I can go. Can't I go higher than this?

"No, you can't. Who are you. anyhow?"

"I am the Price of Coal."

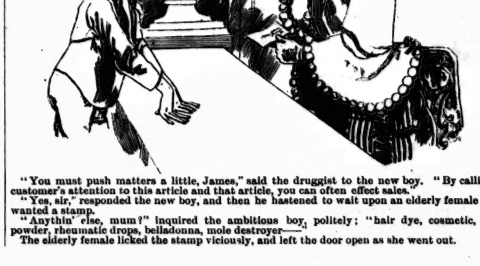
A Brave Man.

During the siege of Gibraltrar, its governor, General Elliott, was one day making a tour of inspection, when he came upon a German soldier who, though standing at his post, neither presented arms nor even held his musket. "Do you know me, sentinel?" inquired the general: "why do you neglect your duty?" "I know you well, general, and my duty also," was the reply; "but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket." "Why don't you go and have them bound up?" "Because in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another." The general instantly dismounted. "Now, my friend," said he, "give me your musket, and I will relieve you. Go and have your wounds dressed." The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest guard-house, where he reported that the general was standing on duty in his place. His injury unfitted him for active service, but the story of his courage soon reached England, and he was made an officer.

One of the Family.

Mrs. Arbecam—It *is* a little ultra, Mr. Downes: but poor Babette's wraps set *so* horridly without a shaper, you know!

Pushing Trade.



"You must push matters a little, James," said the druggist to the new boy. "By calling a customer's attention to this article and that article, you can often effect sales."

"Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait upon an elderly female who wanted a stamp.

"Anythin' else, mum?" inquired the ambitious boy, politely; "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, beladonna, mole destroyer—"

The elderly female licked the stamp viciously, and left the door open as she went out.

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VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Moaning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A LILY OF THE FIELD.

This was the significant and poetic appellation which at once attached itself to Ralph Gowan after his first visit to Bloomsbury Place, and, as might have been expected, it was a fancy of Dolly's, the affixing of significant titles being her special forte.

"The lilies of the field," she observed, astutely, "are a distinct class. They toil not neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. Yes, my young friends, Mr. Ralph Gowan is a lily of the field."

And she was not very far wrong. Twenty-seven years before Mr. Ralph Gowan had been presented to an extended circle of admiring friends as the sole heir to a fortune large enough to have satisfied the ambitious of half a dozen heirs of commonly-moderate aspirations, and from that time forward his lines had continually fallen in the through pleasant places. A boy he had been handsome, attractive, and thoroughbred, and consequently popular; his good looks made him a favorite with women, his good fortune with men; his friends were rather proud of him, and his enemies powerless against him; he found it easy to be amiable because no obstacles to amiability lay in his path, and altogether he regarded existence as a comfortable enough affair.

At school his fellows had liked him, just as boys as well as men are apt to like fortunate people; and as he had grown older he had always found himself something of a favorite, it may be for something of the same reason. But being, happily, a gentleman by nature, he had not been much spoiled by the general adulation. Having been born so, he had carried himself easily through it, scarcely recognising the presence of what would have been patent to men less used to popular favor. He was fond of traveling, and so had amused himself by comfortably arranging uncomfortable journeys, and exploring pleasantly those parts of the earth which to ordinary tourists would appear unattainable.

He was not an ordinary young man, upon the whole, which was evinced by his making no attempt to write a book of travels, though he might safely have done so; and really, upon the whole, "lily of the field" though chance had made him, he was neither useless nor purposeless, and rather deserved his good luck than otherwise.

Perhaps it was because he was not an ordinary individual that his fancy was rather taken by the glimpse he had caught of life in Vagabondia. It was his first glimpse of the inner workings of such a life, and its novelty interested him. A girl of twenty who received attention and admiration in an enjoyable, matter-of-fact manner, as if she was used to and neither over nor undervalued it; who could make coffee and conversation bearable, and even exciting; who could hold her own against patronage and slights, and be as piquant and self-possessed at home as in society; who could be dazzling at night and charming in the morning; was novelty enough in herself to make Bloomsbury Place attractive, even at its dingiest—and there were other attractions aside from this one.

Phil in the studio, taking life philosophically and regarding the world and society in general with sublime and amiable tolerance, was as unique in his way as Dolly was in hers. His handsome girl-wife, who had come in to them with her handsome child in her arms, was unique also. Mollie herself, who had opened the door and quite startled him with the mere sight of her face—well, the fact that Mollie had impressed him at all she impressed everybody. And he was quite observant enough to see the odd element of matter-of-fact, half jocular affection that bound them one to another; he could not help being it, and it almost touched him. They were not a sentimental assembly upon the whole, but they were wondrously fond of each other in a style peculiar to themselves, and wondrously ready to unite in any cause which was the cause of the common weal. The family habit of taking existence easily and regarding misfortunes from a serenely philosophical standpoint, amused Ralph Gowan intensely. It had spiced Dolly's conversation, and it spiced Phil's; indeed, it showed itself in more than words. They had banded themselves against unavoidable tribulation, and it could not fail to be beautifully patent to the far-seeing mind that taking all things together, tribulation had the worst of it.

They were an artistic sort of study, Ralph Gowan found, and so, in his character of a "lily of the field," he fell into the habit of studying them, as an amusement at first, afterwards because his liking for them became friendly and sincere.

It was an easy matter to call again after the first—people should call in a place like Bloomsbury Place, and Ralph Gowan was no exception to the rule. He met Phil in the city, and saunter home with him to discuss art and look at his work; he invited him to first-class little dinners, and introduced him to one or two men worth knowing; in short, it was not long before the two were actually fond of each other in undemonstrative man fashion. The studio was the sort of place Gowan liked to drop into when time hung heavily on his hands, and consequently hardly a week passed without his having at least once or twice dropped in to sit among the half dozen of Phil's fellow Bohemians, who were also fond of dropping in as the young man sat at his easel, sometimes furiously at work, sometimes tranquilly loitering over the finishing touches of a picture. They were good-natured, jovial fellows, too, these Bohemian visitors, though they were more frequently than not highly scented with the odor of inferior tobacco of a cheap kind, and rarely made an ostentatious display in the matter of costume, or were conspicuously faultless in the matter of linen. They failed to patronize the hair-dresser, and were prone to various convivialities; and they were neither vicious nor actually vulgar, and they were singularly faithful to their friendships for each other. They were all fond of Phil, and amusingly fraternized at once with his new friend, adopting him into their circle with the ease of manner and freedom of sentiment which seemed the chief characteristic of the place; and they took to him all the more kindly because, amateur though he was, he shared many of their enthusiasms.

Of course he did not always see Dolly when he went. During every other day of the week but Saturday she spent her time from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon in the rather depressing atmosphere of the Bilberry school-room. She vigorously assaulted the foundations of Lindley Murray, and attacked the rules of arithmetic; she taught Phemie French, and made despairing but continuous efforts at "finishing" her in music. But poor Phemie was not easily "finished," and hung somewhat heavily upon the hands of her youthful instructress; still she was affectionate, if weak-minded, and so Dolly managed to retain her good spirits.

"I believe they are all fond of me in their way," she said to Griffith; "all the children, I mean; and that is something to be thankful for."

"They couldn't help being fond of you," returned the young man. "Did any human being ever know you without being fond of you?"

"Yes," said Dolly; "Lady Augusta knows me; and I do not think—no," with a cheerfully resigned shake of the head, which did not exactly express deep regret or contrition, "I really do not think Lady Augusta is what you might call overwhelmed with the strength of her attachment for me."

"Oh, Lady Augusta!" said Griffith. "Confound Lady Augusta!"

Griffith was one of the very few people who did not like Ralph Gowan, and perhaps charitably inclined persons will be half inclined to excuse his weakness. It was rather trying, it must be admitted, for a despending young man rather under stress of weather, so to speak, to find himself thrown into sharp contrast with an individual who had sailed in smooth waters all his life, and to whom a ripple would have been a by no means unpleasant excitement; it was rather chafing to constantly encounter this favorite of fortune in the best of humors, because he had nothing to irritate him; thoroughbred, unruffled and debonnaire because he had nothing of pain or privation to face; handsome, well dressed, and at ease, because his income and his tastes balanced against each other accommodatingly. Human nature rose up and insisted in the Vagabondian breast; there were times when, for the privilege of administering severe corporeal chastisement to Ralph Gowan, Griffith would have sacrificed his modest salary with a Christian fortitude and resignation beautiful to behold. To see him sitting in one of the faded padded chairs, roused all his ire, and his consciousness of his own weakness made the matter worse; to see him talking to Dolly, and see her making brisk little jokes for his amusement, was worse still, and drove him so frantic that more than once he had turned quite pale in his secret agony of despair and jealousy, and had quite frightened the girl, though he was wise enough to keep his secret to himself. It was plain enough that Gowan admired Dolly, but other men had admired her before, and Griffith knew was that this fellow, with his cool airs and graces and tantalizing repose of manner, had no need to hold back if he could win her. There would be no need for him to plan, and hope and despair; no need for faltering over odd shillings and calculating odd pence; he could marry her in an hour if she would, and then he could surround her with luxuries, and dress her like a queen, and make her happy, as she deserved to be. And the poor Bohemian's heart would beat fiercely, and the very blood would tremble in his veins, at the mere thought of giving her up.

One night after they had been sitting together, and Gowan had just left the room with Phil, Dolly glanced up from her work and saw her lover looking at her with a face so pale and wretched that she was thrown into an actual little passion of fear.

She tossed her work away in a second, and making one of her little rushes at him, was caught in his arms, and half suffocated. She knew the instant she caught sight of his face what he was suffering, though perhaps she did not know the worst.

"Oh, why will you?" she cried out, in tears, as soon as she could. "You are as good as death, and I know—I know so well what it means."

"Tell me that you will never forget what we have been to each other," he said, "and I can bear to speak; "tell me you don't care for that fellow —tell me you love me, Dolly; tell me you love me."

She did not hesitate a moment; she had never flirted with Griffith in her life, and she knew him too well to try him when he wore that desperate, feverish look of longing in his eyes. She burst into an impetuous sob, and clung to him with both hands.

"I love you with all my soul," she said. "I will never let you give me up; and as to forgetting, I might die, but I could never forget. Care for Ralph Gowan! I love you, Griffith, I love you!"

"And you don't regret?" he said, piteously. "Oh, Dolly, just think of what he could give you; and then think of our hopeless prospects, about miserable six-roomed houses and wretched cheap furniture."

"You will make me hate him," cried Dolly, her great eyes of love and pity taking her quite from in a small way. "I don't want anything anybody could give me. I only want you, dear old fellow—dear old fellow," nodding him back, as if she would never let him go, and shedding an illogical shower of impassioned, tender tears. "Oh, my darling, only wait until I am your own, and see how happy I will be, and how happy I will make you—for I can make you happy—and see how happy I will work in our little home for your sake! Some day perhaps I will be with a little. Oh, what must I do to show you how I love you! Do you think I could have cared for Ralph Gowan all these years as I have cared for you? No, indeed, but I shall care for you for ever, and I would wait for you a thousand years if I might only be your wife, and die to your side at the end of it."

And she believed every word she said, too, and would have been willing to lay down her young life to prove it, extravagant as it may all sound to the phlegmatic. And she quite believed, too, that she could never have so loved any other man than this unlucky, jealous, tempestuous lover, and that take the liberty of saying that this was a mistake, for being an impassioned, heart-ruled, unworldly young person, it is quite clear that if Ralph Gowan had stood in Mr. Griffith Donne's not exactly water-tight shoes, she would have clung to him quite as faithfully, and believed in his perfections quite as implicitly, and quite as scornfully would have depreciated the merits of his rival; but chance had arranged the matter for her years before, and so Mr. Griffith was the hero.

"Ralph Gowan!" she flung out. "What is Ralph Gowan or any other man on earth to me? Did I love him before I knew what love was, and scarcely understood my own heart? Did I grow into a woman loving him and clinging to him and dreaming about him? Have I ever had any troubles in common with him? Did we grow up together, and tell each other all our thoughts, and help each other to bear things? Let him travel in the East, if he likes" —with high and rather inconsistent disdain "and let him have ten thousand a year if he will—a hundred thousand millions a year —what do I buy me from you, you fool?" to another burst, "Let him ride in his carriage, if he chooses"—rather as if such a course would imply the most degraded weakness; but, as I have said before, she was illogical, if affection ate—"Let him ride in his carriage. I would rather walk bare-foot through the world with you, than ride in a hundred carriages, if ever one of them was lined with diamonds and studded with pearls."

There was the true flavor of Vagabondia's indiscretion and want of forethought in this, I grant you; but such speeches as these were deplorably characteristic of Dolly Crewe's mode of expression, every one of her loving, foolish words dropped upon his heart like dew from Heaven, filling him with rapture, and drawing him nearer to her than before.

"But," he objected—a rather weak objection —offered rather weakly, because he was so full of renewed confidence and bliss; "but he is a handsome fellow and a good fellow, and it must be confessed, he has good taste."

"Handsomer!" echoed Dolly. "What do I care about his beauty. He isn't you—that is where he fails to come up to the mark. And as to his good taste, do you suppose for a second that I could ever admire the most imposing 'get-up' by Poole, as I love this threadbare coat of yours, that I have laid my cheek against for the last three years." And she actually bent down all at once and kissed the shabby sleeve.

"No," she said, looking up the next minute, with her eyes as bright as stars. "We have been given to each other, that is it. It wasn't chance, it was something. We needed each other, and a higher power than Fate bound us together, and it was a power that isn't cruel enough to separate us now, after all these years have woven our lives in one chord, and drawn our hearts close, and taught us how to comfort each other and help each other. I was given to you because I could help to make your life brighter —and you were given to me because you could help to brighten mine, and God will never part us now we are true."

The coat sleeve came into requisition again then, as it often did. Her little enthusiastic utterances had in a gush of tears, and she had her face on the coat sleeve until they were shed; Griffith in the meantime touching her partly bent head caressingly with his hand, and remaining silent because he could not trust himself to speak.

But she became quieter at last, and got over it so far as to look up and smile in her own irresistible style.

"I couldn't give up the six-roomed house and the green sofa, Griffith," she said. "They are like a great many other things—the more I don't get them the more I want them. And the long winter evenings we are to spend together, when you are to paint and I am to work and we are both to be blissfully happy. I couldn't give those up on any account. And you could not bear to see Ralph Gowan, or any one else, seated in the orthodox arm-chair!"

The very idea of this latter calamity occurring overwhelmed Griffith completely. The long winter evenings they were to spend together were such a pleasant legend. Scarcely a day passed without his drawing a mental picture of the room which was to be their home, and of the fireside Dolly was to adorn. It required only a light effort of imagination to picture her sitting in this tiny room whose floor seemed upon an outside world of struggling and an inside world of love and hope and trust. He imagined Dolly under a variety of circumstances, but nothing pleased him and touched him so tenderly as this fireside picture—its ideal warmth and glow, and its poetic placing of Dolly as his wife sitting near him with her smiles and winsome ways and looks—his own, at last, unshared by any outsiders. Giving that long-cherished fancy up would have killed him, if he could have borne all the rest. And while these two experienced the recorded fluctuations of true romance in private, Ralph Gowan had followed Phil into the studio.

They found Mollie there on going into the room—and, really, Mollie lying upon the sofa asleep, with her brown hair tumbled and her purple cushion, was quite worthy a second glance. She had been rather overpowered in the parlor by the presence of Ralph Gowan, and knowing there was a fire in the studio, and a couch drawn near it, she had retired there, and appropriating a pile of cushions, had dropped asleep, and lay there curled up among them.

Seeing her, Gowan found himself smiling faintly. Mollie amused him just as she amused Dolly. It was so difficult a matter to assign her any settled position in the world. She was taller than the other girls, and far larger and more statuesque; indeed there were moments when she seemed to be almost overpowering in presence, but this only rendered her still more a charming incongruity. She might have carried herself like a royal personage, for she blushed up to the tips of her lovely ears at a glance, and was otherwise as innocently awkward as a beauty may be. She was afraid of strangers either, and generally lapsed into silence when spoken to. Public admiration only disconcerted her, and made her pout, and the unconscious but friendly consciousness of Phil's brethren in art were her special grievance.

"They stare at me, and stare at me," she complained, pettishly, to Dolly, "and some of them say things to me. I wish they would attend to their pictures and leave me alone."

He had never evinced any particular dislike to Ralph Gowan. She was overpowered by a secret sense of his vast superiority to the generality of mankind, but she rather admired him, upon the whole. She liked to hear him talk to Dolly, and she approved of his style. It was such a novel sort of thing to meet with a man who was neither shabby nor vulgar, and whose clothes seemed made for him and worn with a grace. He was handsome, too, and witty and good-tempered, and a comfortable manner reminded her vaguely of Dolly's own, when she used to sit and listen to the two as they chatted, and the end of the matter was that her pride and admiration of Dolly's elegant Griffithine became pretty thoroughly established.

When the sound of advancing footsteps roused her from her sleepy ease with perfect tranquility, and sat up rubbing her drowsy eyes serenely for a minute or so before she discovered that Phil had a companion. But when she did discover that such was the fact she blushed all over and looked up at Ralph Gowan in some naive distress.

"I didn't know any one was coming," she said, "and I was so comfortable that I fell asleep. It was the cushions, I think."

"I can say it was," answered Gowan, regarding her sleep-flushed cheeks and exquisite eyes with the pleasure he always felt in any beauty, or lack of inanimate. "May I sit here, Mollie?" and then he looked at her again and decided that he was quite right in speaking to her as he would have spoken to a child, because she was such a very child.

"By me, on the sofa," she answered. "Oh, yes."

"Are you going to talk business with Phil," she asked him next, "or may I stay here? Griffith and Dolly won't want me in the parlor, and I don't want to go into the kitchen!"

"I don't know any one who may here," he said, quite seriously, "but why won't they want you in the parlor?"

"They never want anybody," astutely. "I dare say they are making love—they generally are."

"Making love," he repeated. "Ah, indeed!" and for the next few minutes was so absorbed in thought that pretty Mollie was quite forgotten.

Making love were they—this shabby, rather unamiable young man and the elder Miss Crewe! It sounded rather like nonsense to Ralph Gowan, but it was not exactly a pleasant sort of thing to think about. It is not to be supposed that he himself was very desperately in love with Dolly just yet, but he must be admitted he admired her very decidedly. Beauty as Mollie was, he scarcely gave her a glance when Dolly was in the room—he recognised the beauty, but it did not enslave him, it did not even attract him as Dolly's imperfect charms did. And perhaps he had his own ideas of what Dolly's charms should be, of the spice and variety which would form its chief characteristics, and of the little bursts of warmth and tenderness that would render it delightful. It was not soothing to think of all this being lavished on a shabby young man who was not always urbane in demeanor, and who stubbornly objected to being propitiated by politeness.

As was very natural, Mr. Ralph Gowan did not admire Mr. Griffith Donne and his manners. In his visits to Bloomsbury Place, finding an ill-dressed young man whose position in the household he could not understand, he began by treating him with good-natured suavity, being ready enough to make friends with him, as he had made friends with the rest of Phil's compatriots. But influenced by certain objections to certain things, Griffith was not to be treated suavely, he rather resented it, upon the whole, and became irascible under it, with his usual indiscretion. There was no good reason for his resenting it, but resent it he did, as openly as he could without being an absolute savage and attracting attention. The weakness of such a line of conduct is glaringly patent, of course, to the well-regulated mind, but then Mr. Griffith Donne's mind was not well regulated, and he was, on the contrary, a very hot-headed undisciplined young man, and rabidly sensitive to his own misfortunes and shabbiness, and singularly infatuated in his passion for the object of his enemy's admiration. But Ralph Gowan could afford to be tolerant; in the little matter of admiration he was secure, he had never been slighted or patronized in his life, and so had no fiery shrinkings from such fiery ordeal; he was not disturbed by any bitter pang of jealousy as yet, and so, while he could not understand Griffith's restless anxiety to resent his presence, could still tolerate it and keep cool. Still, as might be expected, he rather underrated his antagonist. Seeing him only in this one unavoidably unfavorable light, he regarded him simply as a rather ill-bred, or, at least aggressively-inclined individual, whose temper and tone of mind might reasonably be objected to. In a gush of tears, Dolly had, in his own blood rise at some implied ignoring of himself, but really he was far the more urbane and self-disposed of the two, but whether he was to be highly lauded for his forbearance, or whether, while lauding him, it would not be as well to think as charitably as possible of his temper, is a matter of doubt, at least.

It had not occurred to him before that Griffith's frequent and unceremonious visits implied anything very serious. There were so many free-and-easy visitors at the house, and they all so plainly cultivated Dolly, if they did not make actual love to her; and really outsiders would hardly have been impressed with her deportment toward her betrothed. She was not prone to exhibit her preference sentimentally in public, though she was affectionate enough in a piquant way when they found themselves alone. So Ralph Gowan had been deceived—and so he was deceived still.

"This sort of fellow," as he mentally put it with unconscious high-handedness, was not the man to make such a woman happy, however deeply she might be loved by him. It was, in such men as he was, who, when the novelty of possession wore off, deteriorated into tyrannising the faithful husbands, and were not too well bred in their manners. So he became reflective and silent, when Mollie said that the two were "making love."

But, at last, it occurred to him that even to Mollie his pre-occupation might appear singular, and he roused himself accordingly.

"Making love!" he said, again. "Blissful occupation! I wonder how they do it. Do you know, Mollie?"

Mollie looked at him with a serene freedom from scruples or embarrassment at the conversation taking such a turn, which told its own story.

"Yes," she said. "They talk, you know, and say things to each other just as other people do, and he kisses her sometimes. I know that," with a decided air; "because I have seen him do it."

"Cool enough, that, upon my word," was her questioner's mental comment; "and not unpleasant for Donne; but hardly significant of a fastidious taste, if it is a public exhibition."

"Ah, indeed!" he said, aloud.

"They have been engaged so long, you know," volunteered Mollie.

"Singularly enough, I did not know, Mollie," he replied. "Are you sure yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mollie, opening her eyes. "I thought everybody knew that. They have been engaged ever since they were ever so much younger. Dolly was only fifteen, and Griffith was only eighteen, when they first fell in love.

"And they have been engaged ever since!" said Gowan, his curiosity getting decidedly the better of him.

"Dolly would have been married long ago, if Griffith could have got into something; or if old Flynn would have raised his salary. He has only a hundred a year"—with unshashed wonder—"and, of course, they couldn't have married on that, so they are obliged to wait. A hundred and fifty would do, Dolly says—but they haven't got a hundred and fifty."

Ralph Gowan was meanly conscious of not being overpowered with regret on hearing this latter statement of facts. And yet he was by no means a mean or generous impulse. He was quite honest, however deeply he might be mistaken, in deciding that it would be an unfortunate thing for Dolly if she married Griffith Donne, because he thought he was not good enough if there had been no more good in his rival than he himself had seen on the occasion. He would not have been far wrong; but as it was he was unconsciously very far wrong indeed. He ran into the almost excusable extreme of condemning Griffith upon circumstantial evidence, which fair advantage had been taken of Dolly, he told himself. She had engaged herself before she knew her own heart, and he was sure to discover because she was not in her nature to be false. Besides, what right has a man with a hundred a year to bind any woman to the prospect of the life of narrow economies and privations such an income would necessarily entail? And forthwith his admiration of Dolly became touched with pity and regret, because, if she had been worthy, at least, whatever her affianced might be. Poor little soul! (It is a circumstance worthy of note, because illustrative of the blindness of human nature, that at this very moment Miss Dorothea Crewe was enjoying her quiet tete-a-tete with her lover wondrously, and would not have accepted a palace and a young lady in the kingdom upon any consideration whatever.)

It is not at all to be wondered at that, in the absence of other entertainment, Gowan drifted into a confidential chat with Mollie. The man who could wholly have resisted the temptation to cultivate the acquaintance of such a being, human. She was the sort of girl, in fact, few people could have remained entirely indifferent to. Her naivete was as novel and as beautiful, and her weakness, as to speak, was her strength. Gowan found it so at least, but still it must be confessed that Dolly was the chief subject of their conversation.

"You are very fond of your sister?" he said to the child.

Mollie nodded.

"Yes," she said, "I am very fond of her. We are all very fond of her. Dolly's the clever one of the family, next to Phil. She isn't afraid of anybody, and things don't upset her. I wish I was like her. You ought to see her talk to Lady Augusta. I believe she is the only person in the world Lady Augusta can't patronize, and she is always trying to snub her just because she is so cool. But it never troubles Dolly. She have seen her sit and smile and talk in her quiet way until Lady Augusta could do nothing but sit still and stare at her as if she was choked, with her bonnet strings actually trembling."

Gowan laughed. He could imagine the effect produced so well, and it was so easy to picture Dolly smiling up in the face of her gaunt patroness in that iniquitous way of hers, and all the time favoring her with a shower of beautiful little stabs, rendered pointed by the very essence of artfulness. He decided that upon the whole Lady Augusta was somewhat to be pitied.

"Dolly says," proceeded Mollie, "that she would like to be a beauty; but if I was like her I should think about nothing else, always."

"Ah!" said Gowan, unable to resist the temptation to try with a fine speech. "Ah! it is all very well for you to talk about not caring to be a beauty."

It did not occur to him for an instant that it was indiscreet to say such a thing to her. He only meant it for a jest, and nine girls out of ten even at sixteen years old would have understood his languid air of grandiloquence in an instant. But Mollie at sixteen was extremely liberal-minded, and almost Arcadian in her simplicity of thought and demeanor.

Her brown eyes flew wide open, and for a minute she stared at him with mingled amazement and questioning.

"Me?" she said, ignoring all given rules of propriety of speech.

"Yes, you," answered Gowan, smiling, and looking down at her amusedly. "I have been paying you a compliment, Mollie."

"Oh!" said Mollie, a queer bewilderment settling on her face. But the next instant the quick blood rushed to her cheeks, and her eyes fell, and she moved a little farther away from him.

It was the first exciting compliment she had received in all her life, and it was the beginning of an era.

(To be Continued.)

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
Dreaming of the backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own,
As also a home should be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stair,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and all what I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
You all can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Public Benefactor,
Offers on easy terms
A home complete, and winter clothing
On Weekly Payments that are small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to start housekeeping with? Furniture and clothing can be saved by taking advantage of our instalment plan. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. Home furnished to any description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Interior Decorations.

A lady kindly sends the following description of a room she has decorated. The taste shown is excellent. Other contributions are invited.

"The room is of fair proportions with one large bay window with an eastern aspect. When it was decided to remodel this apartment the taste of the original owner of the house (which certainly must have been of almost primeval simplicity) stood rather in the way, for, although situated on the first floor and one of the principal rooms in the house, it had been intended for use as a bedroom, and not only was there an entire absence of anything in the way of ornamentation, unless a florid wall paper and a brass cornice come under that head, but two hideous clothes presses were built into the recesses on either side of the mantel, which was of plain white wood; these and a door leading into the bath-room, presented the first difficulties to be overcome, in the task of turning it into what it was required for. The walls now are of a greenish grey tone, and have been worked entirely by the palette knife applying the color over an underlying silver ground. The result is a net-work of tints exquisite in texture and altogether novel. The frieze is very broad, in light, warm, creamy tint; the decoration is branches of white lilac, and their clustering vivid green leaves. The ceiling is in plain flat tint, matching the background of the frieze. The scheme of the wall decoration is in panels, broad ones of olive-green *flax velours* alternating with those of the green and silver, divided by narrow silver mouldings. A broad silver picture rail runs beneath the frieze, a narrow moulding of the same at the top, and a similar one at the wainscot complete the finish. Round the frames of the window the velours is arranged in flat folds, the edges bordered with very narrow silver beading. This removes any idea of bareness from the window, as it was not intended to have curtains, except short sash blinds of bolting cloth embroidered in conventional design of yellow marguerites' with brown centers, and matching in tone the stained glass window above. This window is a triumph of the glassworker's art. The background, a pale, translucent green, the decorations being graceful branches of exquisitely shaded golden rod, yellow and brown marguerites, [the] whole framed in 'jewels' of warm shades of amber and subdued green tones. The face of the over mantel is partially covered with the velours, bordered with silver mouldings, leaving about a foot deep at the top and sides, which is painted in trailing sprays of yellow and white abutilon on a background of silver. The space beneath, from the mantel to the floor, is filled in by a large mirror, the frame concealed by tasselled draperies of olive turcoman run on a silver rod. This mirror, of course, adds greatly to the apparent size of the room. As for pictures, with the exception of a very clever character sketch in water colors the only ones are porcelain plaques with flower designs in oil, a few flower studies on delicately tinted glass, and here and there a yellow or bronze Japanese fan. With the exception of two low chairs with high backs set in the spaces left by the removal of the original clothes presses, and a low divan following the curve of the bay window, each covered with velours, there is no upholstered furniture, what there is being entirely of rattan, run with ribbons and cushioned to match. The gasalier is of crystal as are also the brackets on either side of the window, these last have pretty shades of gold colored satin and lace."

The Use of Novels.

The use of reading is to lighten the load of life and to open vistas of thought which otherwise would be closed to us. Nobody who has any sense wants to go to school again and "stodge" himself with mere information. There are of course persons who yearn to learn the names of the kings of Judah in their proper order, and to learn how blacking is made; but they are no better for it when they have acquired the knowledge, even if (as often happens) they are not seized with a distressing desire to impart it to their fellow creatures. It has been whispered to me by persons moving in intellectual circles that the effect of even "the higher culture" is not necessarily exhilarating. It may improve the mind without improving the man, and as a companion in fact, it often leaves him duller than it found him, because he has been educated beyond his wits. The mind of man is very curious, and cannot be catered for without one's inquiring into its character. What makes me laugh in my sleeve is to see the fury into which preachers and teachers and lecturers all lash themselves because nine readers out of ten will persist in taking fiction out of the leading libraries instead of "improving literature." It seems to be quite inexplicable to most of them, though some, I see, attribute it to original sin. In connection with this subject it is pleasant, but by no means surprising to those who are really acquainted with it, to learn that Darwin was a devourer of novels. After middle life he lost his taste for music, painting and even poetry. "On the other hand," he writes, "novels, which are works of imagination—and even those which have nothing remarkable about them—have for some years afforded me prodigious relaxation and pleasure, and I often bless the race of novelists. A large number of novels have been read aloud to me, and I love them all, even if they are only middling, especially if they end well. A law ought to be passed prohibiting them to end badly."—*Independent.*

As Others See Us.

The first numbers of the TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, E. E. Sheppard's new paper, are to hand. SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely-illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It is essentially a paper of to-day. Its news matter is crisp, clean, original and sparkling. Its comments on current topics are snappy and independent. It is a journal with new ideas which it is not afraid to advocate. Its methods are original and its manner unique. There is no daily or weekly paper in Toronto that costs half as much to produce as does this journal. No such paper was ever sold before for five cents in this or any other country. Only its immense circulation makes its existence possible. A leading feature of the first number are the sketches of leading preachers and church singers of Toronto, in which full justice is done the subject both in reading matter and cuts. "Widower Jones," Mr. Sheppard's new story, is also running in the paper. A full description of the various features of the paper and its merits cannot be given here. The only difficulty in the way of its achieving success is that it aims to give too much for the money. The danger is that in the future either quality or quantity will have to be sacrificed. Subscription $2 a year.—*Edmonton Bulletin.*

Unhappy Old Men.

The professional man, who makes his living by hard knocks and constant exertions, is prone to envy the business man or speculator who can go on making money almost without work and who can pile up a fortune which seems enormous to one who manages to pick out of the world, by constant endeavor, a snug living and perhaps a little more under favorable conditions. But when old age comes the professional man has an immense advantage over the merchant, particularly over the merchant who is, from the nature of things, so common in a country like this—the merchant who was not educated in his youth, and whose chase after the mighty dollar has stunted all the more refined and studious aspirations he may originally have possessed.

For the old merchant, rich as he may be, there is little satisfaction in the last years. He can either struggle on after dollars which have no longer any significance or charm for him, or he can spend his time moping and loitering uneasily, miserable in idleness, and not knowing which way to turn or what to do with the time of which before he never had any to spare. Of course, this is not the case with all rich old men who have made their money in trade. Some have as convenient and satisfactory methods of employing their minds as could be asked for. But the majority are not so fortunate. Scattered about this town are rich men, or men with all the property they have need for, and more, too, who are quite unhappy in their idleness.

Care of the Nails.

"I can always detect a lady, in any disguise by a look at her finger nails," said a person of superfine graces of mind and person.

It was a sweeping statement, and, like most such generalizations, should be qualified. One might say, instead, that although all persons possessed of handsome nails are not necessarily ladies, yet no lady would allow her nails to lack care. They need not receive artistic attention; but they must be clean and carefully trimmed.

Persons who possess well-filled purses can indulge in the luxury of a manicure's services and thus relieve themselves of all responsibility as to their digits, but, with the great army of the impecunious, personal care and attention are necessary.

If one aims only at the simplest possible method of caring for the nails, he will find that very few utensils are required—a chamois-covered polisher, a little file for paring, and a powder for polishing, all of which can be bought of any apothecary.

An almond-shaped nail is very desirable, and to secure it the skin which tends to grow over its base should be pushed down daily. This may be done with advantage every time the hands are bathed, for then the skin is soft and pliable.

One may use for the purpose a finger of the other hand covered by the towel, or the blunted ivory end of the little instrument connected with the file. A manicure is able skilfully to cut away this superfluous border of skin, but an unprofessional person is likely to do it bunglingly with the result of hangnails.

The nails should be filed away at each side to insure their oval shape. Their length must depend upon the taste of the wearer, although the pianist finds his fashion prescribed by necessity, and is obliged literally to "cut his claws."

In cleaning them, it is best to use a brush or an ivory point, as scraping with a sharp knife tends to harden them.

Polishing is done by placing a small quantity of powder on the chamois pad and rubbing the nails back and forth.

Of course, there are a hundred clever arts which may be employed in the interests of one's finger ends, but the method given above is quite sufficient, if carefully and regularly followed, to keep them things of beauty.

"Russian Scandal."

There is an amusing game, known as "Russian Scandal," which is played as follows: An anecdote—it should be one not generally known—is written down on paper, and then whispered to one member of the company. He repeats it to his neighbor, and so the anecdote is handed on from person to person, until it reaches the last one, who repeats it aloud.

The paper is then read, and the amusement arises from noting how thoroughly the story has been altered by its passage through eight or ten people.

At a London party the anecdote chosen for the game was a story of Chief Baron Pollock, Sir William Follett, and another lawyer named Thesiger. They had been dining at the Lord Mayor's banquet, and, as they were looking for their hats, on coming away, Thesiger said to Follett, pointing to a hat:

"I can't find your Castor, but here's Pollock's (Pollux)."

It was handed from one person to another until it came to the turn of a lady to send it onwards. She confessed to the gentleman to whom she had to repeat it that she only remembered it was a story about some hats after dinner.

He said, "I only know of one such story and it must be that," and accordingly he sent on his anecdote. At last it came out thus:

"The Duke of Rutland took Theodore Hook's hat by mistake, and Hook said he was sorry it was not a good one."

Not only was the original story lost in transmitting it, but also the point of the second anecdote. The name of one of the Duke's estates is Belvoir, pronounced beaver. Hook said:

"I wish I had as fine a beaver (Belvoir) as Your Grace."

How He Proposed.

"Now tell me what you said when you proposed,"
A young fellow asked of his married friend.
"Did you woo the fair one in ball-room nook?
Or your plea by district messenger send?"

"I?" and his friend laughed a hearty "Ha! ha!"
"Why, it was easy as easy could be.
We were riding past a dear little cot,
And I asked her if she would keep house for me."

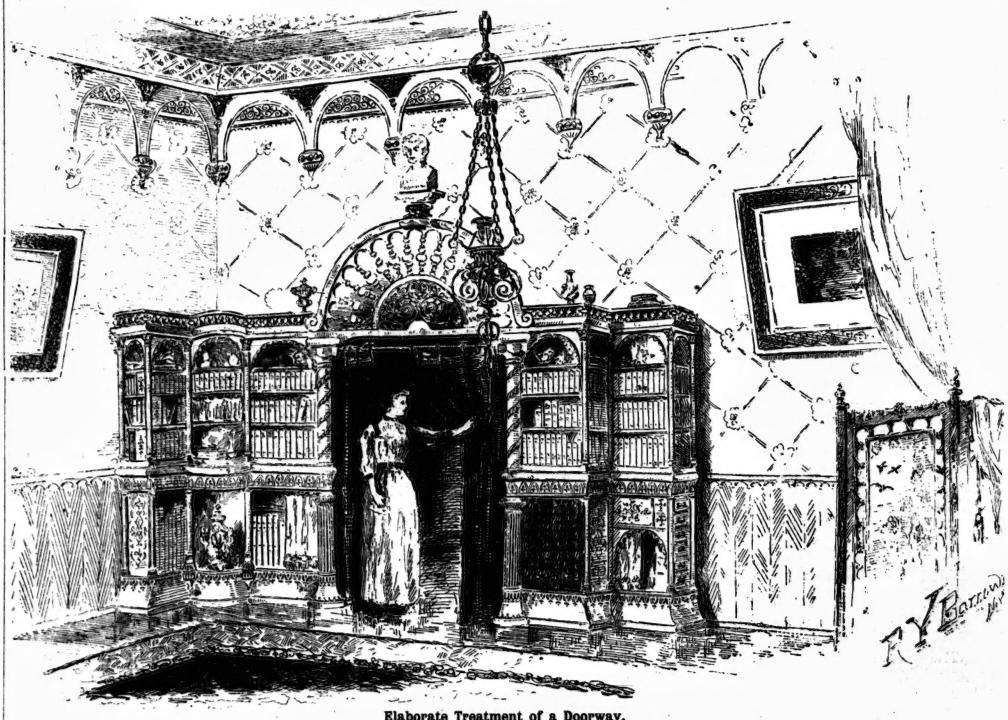
"Excellent!" cried the young man, and forthwith
He took for a drive the maid he would wed.
But, not a good parrot, he blundered somewhat—
"I look for one to do housework," he said.

What her answer? Indignant reference to
Intelligence office over the way.
While he vows that he never will again
Ask another fellow what he shall say!

A Cow for Sale.

Bill Nye has a cow for sale: "Owing to ill-health I will sell at my residence, in town 29, range 18 west, according to government survey, one plushed, raspberry colored cow, aged eight years. She is a good milkster, and not afraid of cars—or anything else. She is a cow of undaunted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a trace-chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shot-gun, which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf, with long, wabbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I prefer to sell her to a non-resident."

It is reported that the Pope's jubilee gifts are valued at three and a half millions sterling. Of course this includes the money presents. One of the most beautiful and costly gifts which his Holiness has received is the crozier sent by the Prince of Monaco. It was made in Paris, and is constructed of gold, which is encrusted from top to bottom with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. It is a masterpiece of the jewelers' art, and just the sort of thing which would have made Lord Beaconsfield's eyes "glisten" with appreciative admiration.

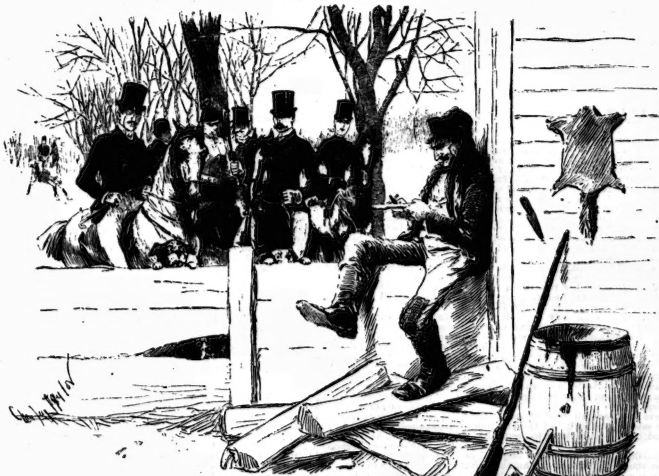


Elaborate Treatment of a Doorway.
BY R. Y. BARROWS.

Sound Motherly Advice.

Daughter (somewhat elderly)—Mama, I think Mr. Sampson intends to propose to-night.
Mother—Oh, I hope he will. He is desirable in every way.
If he does, Mama, ought I to be a little reserved and distant, just at first, you know?
No, dear; I don't think you had better take any chances.

Nothing Passed Him.



Mr. Rockaway Hunt—I say, my good man, did you see a fox pass this way?
York Co. Farmer—No. No fox went by here. (Sotto voce)—He tried hard enough, though.

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Yarker, etc., was followed by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Torrance. A large skating party given by them at the Victoria rink was no less successful than those which have preceded it at the same place this winter. The night was cold, but fair and bright. In the morning there had been a slight thaw, and there were some doubts about the ice. The clerk of the weather and Capt. Geddes, the able and energetic secretary of the rink, made things all right, and in the evening the skating was excellent. The proficiency of such icy experts as Mrs. Vernon, Miss May Jones and Captain Geddes himself was admired, as it always is. It was late when the rink was left, and Mr. and Mrs. Torrance's house on College avenue was reached, but it was much later when their guests finally departed. For two hours man was happy in the enjoyment of his three delights, wine, woman and song, while the fourth—shall it be named?—tobacco, solaced him, as he walked home, for the loss of the first three. And why not? Is not Lord Lytton right when he says:

"The man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan."

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Amongst Mrs. Torrance's guests were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, the Misses Yarker, Miss May Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, the Messrs. Small, Captain Sears, Miss McCarthy, the Misses Boulton, Miss Langmuir and Mr. Archie Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Spratt, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. Fox, Miss Merritt, Mr. Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Mr. Herman Boulton, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Spratt.

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The sympathy of Toronto people was aroused on hearing of the sudden death of Senator Plumb at his home in Niagara last Monday, for the family of the deceased honored gentleman was large and all its members are well known and popular here. The family connection, owing to the fact of the wife of the late speaker having been a Street, is larger still, and many of society's members will thereby be thrown into mourning. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Plumb have been for the last three years traveling abroad with their family. Mrs. Christopher Robinson, the eldest daughter, lives very quietly at Beverley House, corner of Richmond and John streets. She has never gone out much since her marriage, but the friends she has made will mourn with her in her bereavement. Mr. Duncan Plumb is well liked here, and on his periodical visits during the winter season he has made a large circle of friends. The pleasure of these visits has this year been enhanced by the presence of his youngest sister, Miss Annie Plumb, recently returned from school in England, who was so attractive to many during the earlier gayeties of the season. It was sad that out of his five grown up children not one was with their aged father at the time of his death.

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Mr. and Miss Bunting have returned from Ottawa, where they have been visiting friends and enjoying part of the season's festivities.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ferguson left last week for a long trip in Europe, for the benefit of Mr. Ferguson's health, which has been anything but satisfactory for some time past. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ferguson have moved into the house on Peter street, and are to reside there during the absence of the latter's brother and wife.

•

I hear Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, the popular wife of the Lieutenant-Governor's secretary, is endeavoring to get together a sufficient number of capable persons to dance the minuet for the art fair, which is to come off in May. I say "capable," because the minuet is a dance that requires an elegance, grace and refinement of movement not practised in conventional dances, more especially when it is to be given as an exhibition of the chivalric devotion and reverence of the times in which it was in popular usage. Let me propose that the same participants in this dance should immediately, on the finale of the minuet, and at a hint from the band striking up the lively air of the schottische, break into the mad romp of that now popular dance, as an evidence of the advancement (?) of our age!

Personal.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth received a number of friends at her home on St. Mary's street last Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. McIlroy, jr., entertained a number of their friends at their pleasant house on Church street on Wednesday night.

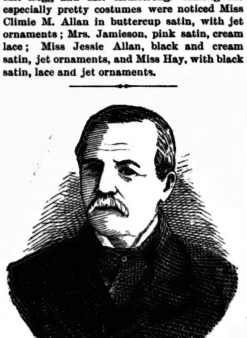
Mr. J. C. Forbes, the well-known artist, was to have been married to Miss Holbrook of Ottawa, on Wednesday, but was snowed up in the C. P. R. train at Myrtle and was a couple of days late.

Mrs. R. B. Aylesworth's Thursday eves are highly esteemed in Parkdale. Some of those present last week were Mr. and Miss Gerty Pyke, Mr. Barker, Mr. Percy Schofield, Mr. Ardagh, Miss Paffard, Mr. Mitchell, the Misses Ince, Mr. Shaw, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mr. Frank and the Misses Gray, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Thorne, Mr. Ketchum, Mrs. Matheson, Mr. S. McDonell and Mr. Gill.

The N. C. officers of C Co. held their annual dinner on Saturday, 10th inst., at Lambton Mills and went thence to the Humber, where mine host Nurse had supper prepared, which was partaken of with zest after the long drive. After supper toasts and songs enlivened the proceedings, and about 8 p.m the troops turned their heads homewards after spending a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

A successful parlor social was held at the house of Mr. John Lucas, 239 Spadina ave, on Tuesday evening. About a hundred members of the congregation of Spadina avenue Congregational church and their friends were present and enjoyed an excellent programme of music and readings. Refreshments were served and a liberal collection was taken in aid of the church furnishing.

About fifty of Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson's friends and relatives accepted their invitation to Ellangowan, Rosedale, to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding on the evening of Tuesday, March 13. The presence of the host and hostess was, as always, sufficient guarantee of the enjoyment of the guests. Dancing was engaged in until a late hour to the music of an Italian band. At supper short speeches were made and hearty congratulations offered to Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson. They were also the recipients of a number of handsome presents, crystal of course prevailing. There were present Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Piper, Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Spain, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Miss Barr, Dr. J. C. Carlyle, the Misses Allan, the Misses McDermott, Miss McCormick, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Miss Britton, the Misses Hay, Miss Hughes, Mr. Ross, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Reid, Mrs. Menzies, Mr. T. A. Gibson, Mr. John R. Allan, Mr. Begg and Mr. Armstrong. Among the especially pretty costumes were noticed Miss Climie M. Allan in buttercup satin, with jet ornaments; Mrs. Jamieson, pink satin, cream lace; Miss Jessie Allan, black and cream satin, jet ornaments, and Miss Hay, with black satin, lace and jet ornaments.



The Late Senator Plumb.

Railway Personals.

Mr. E. J. Weeks, general agent N. Y. C. & West Shore Ry., Buffalo;

Mr. Randolph, traveling passenger agent of the same road;

Mr. S. F. Boyd, general passenger agent Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic;

Mr. Geo. G. Somers, traveling passenger agent, D., S. S. & A.;

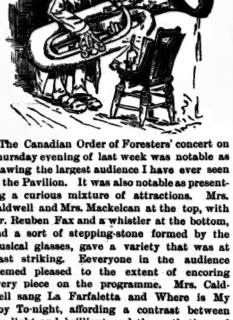
Mr. Dunn of Detroit, successor to Ira P. Griswold, traveling agent Union Pacific;

Mr. Henry of Montreal, travelingagent Union Pacific, Eastern Canada;

Mr. C. H. Warren, general passenger agent St. P., M. & M. Ry., St. Paul;

Mr. S. J. Sharp, Canadian traveling passenger agent Erie Ry., were in the city this week.

Music.



The Canadian Order of Foresters' concert on Thursday evening of last week was notable as drawing the largest audience I have ever seen in the Pavilion. It was also notable as presenting a curious mixture of attractions. Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Mackelcan at the top, with Mr. Reuben Fax and a whistler at the bottom, and a sort of stepping-stone formed by the musical glasses, gave a variety that was at least striking. Everyone in the audience seemed pleased to the extent of encoring every piece on the programme. Mrs. Caldwell sang La Farfaletta and Where is My Boy To-night, affording a contrast between the light and brilliant and the pathetic, and both were performed to everyone's satisfaction. The Cuckoo Song was also sung by this lady with her usual happy effect in response to a special request. Mrs. Mackelcan sang two songs with that charm of expressive power which is characteristic of her, and was in both cases subjected to the irrepressible encore, when she sang two pretty little songs to her own accompaniment.

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Mr. Warrington gave a splendid rendering of the Village Blacksmith, although the musician might take exception to his disposition to reverse the conventional mode of using forte and piano. He sang a duet, Roma, with Mrs. Mackelcan, which was the finest piece of the evening, both intrinsically and in its performance. Mr. Herbert Clarke played a brilliant cornet solo most effectively, and this, with some recitations by Mr. W. E. Ramsay, rounded off what might be called the legitimate part of the evening's entertainment. For the rest the funny business held high carnival. Mr. Reuben Fax belongs to a funny family, and his performances justify the relationship, but he drops sometimes into the borderland of vulgarity. The performance of two old songs with a choice, nutty flavor and with wrong harmonies by two ladies on the musical glasses was pleasant enough, but the continued rubbing sound of the glasses was too mellifluous. It made me feel as if I were being choked with syrup.

The whistler received unbounded applause for piping a waltz and a polka, out of tune mostly, and a lady, name unknown, sang a song in a manner which made most people wonder what she did it for. A pleasing feature of the concert was the excellent accompaniment playing by Mr. E. W. Phillips. The demand for five cents for a book of words was hardly fair, as it should be obligatory on concert givers to supply programmes. Then, if the words of the songs are of such great interest as to justify their publication, or if a long, continuous work is being performed, a book of words may be printed and sold to those who care to buy it. But to get up a book of words as the only programme for a very miscellaneous concert, such as that of Thursday evening, is absurd, and smacks of the greed of gain. The audience, however, was happy and sat until nearly eleven o'clock devouring everything, and even then, like Oliver Twist, wishing for more.

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The following letter has reached me:

DEAR METRONOME,—From the kindly manner in which you have criticised the Tonic Sol-fa society's concert, and the work I have accomplished during the past two years I am certain that you would not knowingly do me any injustice. Some of your remarks, however, are calculated to be misleading, and it is with the object of supplying you with more complete information regarding music in the public schools that I write. In the city schools there are two music masters having separate classes, and I cannot imagine how any one desirous of ascertaining the degree of improvement made in my divisions, should stop outside a school wall and do so. And how can any one tell whether the classes he hears are taught by the other music master or by me? At the convention of the Society of Musicians in 1886, I may have claimed all that you say for the system, but its accomplishment under existing circumstances would be an impossibility. As I only teach up to the junior third book classes, the pupils leave my division at an average of eleven years of age. Since my appointment I have visited each school about twelve times, giving lessons to each class for an average length of twenty minutes. Added to this I have had to instruct the teachers as well as the pupils. On an average I will have spent three hours with each class, which is certainly rather a limited time in which to teach sight-reading, voice culture, and harmony. The latter, I must certainly would not teach to a class of pupils of tender years such as I have to deal with. Notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which we labor good work has been done, and I have been ably supported by the regular teachers, most of whom have shown a strong desire to excel in this particular branch. The teaching of the staff does not come within my province, being reserved for the higher classes, in the meantime. During the past year I have on three separate occasions publicly demonstrated the practical application of Sol-fa to the staff with results which surprised all who had not previously witnessed them. Regarding the improvement in tone, it is not yet what it might be, but is rapidly improving, and as the pupils are brought into closer contact with songs of a refined order the improvement will become more apparent.

ALEX. T. CRINGAN.

I am glad to see that, in every particular, Mr. Cringan corroborates my remarks of two weeks ago, unless it be with regard to the malicious staff notationist who listened outside the wall. I hardly meant that this gentleman should purposely, and out of malice aforethought, sneak up to the wall and listen to the children to judge Mr. Cringan's work, but rather that his peripatetic occupation should bring him past the school at a time when the singing was going on. It is a little humiliating to have to explain what I thought a good joke, but, then, some nationalities are a little slow in jocular receptivity.

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For once, we have a Lenten week without music. The crowding of concerts before Ash Wednesday was as nothing to the rush that has taken place since. I suppose each thought that the absence of general amusements would make his own venture go off well, and rushed it accordingly. That is human nature. The Campanini concert on Wednesday, the A.O.U.W. concert in St. Paul's hall, and the service of praise in the Church of the Redeemer on Friday make up the list of futurities for next week. Then comes Passion week, which will be entirely free from music in Toronto at all events;

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The Festival Association has begun work in earnest, and has elected a representative executive committee, Mr. Geo. Gooderham being president, with Messrs. J. K. Kerr, R. A. Toshack and W. D. Mathews, jr., as representatives of the Vocal, Choral and Philharmonic societies, vice-presidents. The indications pointing to such an harmonious co-operation are cheering, and it is to be hoped that the Festival of 1889 will see all our musical societies united in one great chorus and with one great purpose. It seems to be felt desirable, or at all events was so before Mr. Fisher announced his intended resignation, that he and Messrs. Torrington and Haslam should each have the direction of a concert, and that there should be a children's concert. Criticism of such a plan is probably out of place at this immature stage of matters, but public attention cannot too soon be drawn to one or two questions that suggest themselves.

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If the societies are to give separate performances, each body by itself, with perhaps one concert with the massed chorus of all the societies, the division of labor among the conductors will be all right; but if the societies are to form a mass chorus and then contribute a concert under each conductor the result be that any one leader's adherents will attend his rehearsals regularly and the other practices will be neglected. That is human nature once more. Far better to let each society work up its own programme and give its own concert. Emulation will then produce good results. But better still to my mind would be the concentration of all into one chorus under one man. Whenever the concerts are given, they will take place in some very large space, and a chorus of say one hundred voices, such as the Vocal society, will not create any impression as to its volume and fulness of tone, while all the finer effects, so well supplied by this society, will be lost. Even a body of say three hundred voices will fail far short of the tremendous tonal effects which were so marked at the festival of 1885. The date suggests to me the question, was the one-man plan a success or a failure then, that a departure should be made from it now? It was an undoubted success, but—the Festival Association risks its own guarantees, and will pay out its own money in case of loss, so I presume it may be trusted to administer its own business.

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I must add, however, that when each society is giving two concerts in the season, it seems ridiculous to call them out again for a concert in June, simply because their own or their conductor's ambition must have them included in the festival scheme, thus producing only a repetition of the previous concerts, with perhaps a change of programme. In some respects this will be like firing off a pop-gun out of the mouth of a cannon, and the feature of immensity, after all the greatest attraction of a musical festival, will be distinguished by its absence. In the meantime we can thank our stars that we have only three principal musical societies; and if we had any more, a week would be too short a time for a festival of such musical mosaic as we should then witness. As it is, we may expect mutterings of discontent from the Harmony club, the Amateur Christy Minstrel club, and the Tonic Sol-fa society for their non-inclusion.

METRONOME.

More Marvels Yet!

What Anthony said of Cleopatra may, with a slight perversion, well be said of the works of art photographically reproduced now-a-days:

"Age cannot wither, nor custom
Stale their infinite variety."

Here, in this city, may be obtained with almost telephonic promptitude, faithful copies of the works of Raphael and Angelo of the past; of Leighton and Millais of the present; and of 13,000 others whose almost hallowed productions are household words everywhere.

These photographs, in marvellous beauty, may be had in various sizes—cabinet, medium, large and extra. They are all trimmed with a narrow border or panel; are perfectly flat and unfading, and are quite ready for inserting in albums, mounting for frames, or for coloring and other purposes.

As aids to art, as means of classic education, as sources of unceasing entertainment and delight, these pictures at their cost are unrivalled, and it requires a more graphic pen than ours, to do them full justice. Some relevant details, however, may be read in the Soule Photograph Company's catalogue, which is now in its third edition. This catalogue, it is said, cost $10,000 before a line of it was made public, and may be had by enclosing 25 cents to the company, at 127 Wellington street West, Toronto.

Battle of Sedan.

The engagement at Bazeilles had commenced early in the morning during a dense fog, and raged uninterruptedly. The vanguard of the First Bavarian division, reinforced gradually by the main body of this division, and soon afterward by the arrival of the second division forced its way from the railroad station from the railroad station into the small town of Bazeilles itself; but the Bavarian troops met here with such energetic and gallant resistance on the part of the French marine infantry that they were twice compelled to abandon the place, by vehement offensive movements. The inhabitants of Bazeilles, even fanatical females, not only participated in the defense of the place by firing out of the houses and cellars on the Bavarians as they pressed forward, but even perpetrated, in their demoniacal fury, the most revolting barbarities on the wounded Bavarian soldiers left behind when the troops retreated. The Bavarians were on their part so dreadfully embittered and enraged in consequence that they gave none quarter, acting with relentless rigor towards all the inhabitants caught with arms in their hands or found inflicting cruelties on the wounded. On the evening of August 1st the place was shelled so severely by the Bavarian batteries on the left bank of the Meuse that pillors of flame and smoke shot up in the air. On September 1st the Bavarian batteries concentrated their fire upon the unhappy place, by which fresh fire and destruction were spread. The contest for the town became very soon, in consequence of the bravery and animosity being equal on both sides, a struggle for mutual annihilation. House by house and street by street had to be stormed and taken by the Bavarians, and the only way of ejecting the French from some of the massively built buildings was by employing pioneers to breach the walls and apply lighted torches. Go and see this terrific struggle at the grand building of the Battle of Sedan, corner York and Front streets, when you are in Toronto, and you will never forget.

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Sir Morell Mackenzie is said to have lately refused the sum of $50,000 offered to him by a citizen of Michigan, who desired to see the eminent physician concerning a growth in his throat, and which he fears is cancer. It is likewise said that the fee referred to is unprecedentedly large. This is not the case, however, since there are on record instances of even larger sums being offered and accepted by eminent physicians who have been summoned to attend wealthy patients.

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

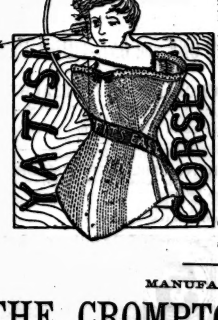
DINEEN'S FUR SALE
STILL CONTINUES
The late fine winter weather encouraged us to keep the factory going. The result is a new supply of elegant goods with prices down from one-third to one-half.
MEN'S FUR COATS—Now $20, $25 and $30.
LADIES' FUR JACKETS—Now $15, $20 and $25.
LONG BEARSKIN, ALASKA SABLE and LYNX BOAS—Just Finished, Superior Quality, Lowest Prices.
BEAVER AND ALASKA SABLE CAPES—A few very fine ones with large driving collars attached, also very low.
SEALSKIN CAPES—A small lot of the finest quality.
SEAL MANTLES—Superior quality, must be closed out.
BEAVER MUFFS—Down to $6 from $10.
As soon as weather permits
OUR BIG HAT OPENING
Will be advertised.
W. & D. DINEEN, cor. King and Yonge Sts.

DRESS SHIRTS
EVENING GLOVES
EVENING TIES
Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.
Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.
Evening Ties all kinds.
WHEATON & CO.
17 KING STREET WEST
COR. JORDAN.

My Last Letter
'Twas a night I'll remember as long as I live,
She refused me so sternly, her promise to give
Her hand with her heart, and I couldn't tell why
So I left her, just murmuring a sad good-bye,
She was gracious and kind and beautiful too,
I loved her so fondly, I am sure so would you,
Through months of enjoyment in all sorts of weather,
We had gone to the Balls, the At Homes, both together,
She was tender and thoughtful, but once she had said,
I can't marry a man who has a bald head.
I took it for granted she couldn't mean me,
But on thinking it over I could readily see
That the few tufts of hair ornamenting my pate,
Had been the sad trouble and had settled my fate,
I sat down at once, while feeling depressed,
And with great expedition this letter addressed:
To Prof, Dorenwend, Paris Hair Works, Toronto.
Dear Sir,—I learn by the numerous testimonials furnished me from my personal friends, that Dr. Dorenwend's "Hair Magic" can restore a declining growth of hair. Be kind enough to send me six bottles of the Magic. I enclose $5.00, your advertised price.
I'm married to-day, and the reason is this,
I tried "Dorenwend's Magic," and you'll be remiss
In the duty you owe to yourself and your friends,
If you try any "Magic," except Dorenwend's.
This now famous preparation can be had from any druggist, or it will be sent on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle or six bottles for $5.00.
A. DORENWEND,
SOLE MANUFACTURER,
PARIS HAIR WORKS, TORONTO

S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET



Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.
The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped! and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

TORONTO.

Blight, Mrs. W. H., on 17th ult.—a daughter
Domelle, Mrs. J. H., on 10th inst.—a daughter
Waddell, Mrs. D. W., on 7th inst.—a daughter
Park, Mrs. Andrew, on 5th inst.—a son

Geminell, Mrs. R., on 9th inst., at Guelph—a daughter
Tamscott, Mrs. Edwin, on 12th inst., at Hamilton—a daughter
Martin, Mrs. J. A., at Ayr—a daughter
Coombs, Mrs. Henry, on 11th inst., at Ridgetown—a daughter
Whittaker, Mrs. John, on 9th inst., at London—a son
Wright, Mrs. E. T., on 11th inst., at Hamilton—a son
Jones, Mrs. Geo. E., on 10th inst., at Hamilton—a son
Gibson, Mrs. J. M., on 8th inst., at Hamilton—a son
Moore, Mrs. Chas. A., on 8th inst., at Ottawa—a daughter
Ponton, Mrs. Wm. N., on 8th inst., at Belleville—a son
Laidlaw, Mrs. John, on 8th inst., at Guelph—a daughter
Harwood, Mrs. Geo., on 6th inst., at London—a daughter
O'Meara, Mrs. T. J., on 3rd inst., at London—a daughter

Marriages.

TORONTO.

James, Robert, to Almida M. Chalk, of Bayham, on 29th ult., by Rev. Geo. Mason

Sommerville, Wm. R., to Jennie Thomson, of St. Marys, on 7th inst., by Rev. A. Grant
Stirling, Dr. Jas. A., of Picton, to Jessie Bertram, of Dundas, on 1st inst., by Rev. Dr. Laing
Fitzgerald, Jos. L., to Daisy E. Shaffer, of London, on 6th inst., by Rev. J. G. Scott
Heilig, Geo. W., to Carrie E. Reader, of Hamilton, on 7th inst., by Rev. Jno. Kay
Clarke, F. O., to Mary McPherson, of Listowel, on 8th inst., by Rev. John Burton
Burrows, Wm. A., to Ida Mary Doyle, of Owen Sound, on 7th inst., by Rev. Duncan Stirling
Pass, Ed. K., to Annie Stephens, of Hamilton, on 7th inst., by Rev. John Kay.

Deaths.

TORONTO.

Nolan, Henry James, on 10th inst., aged 38
Earl, Edna, daughter of T. R., on 11th inst., aged 2
Scon, Harriet Courtice, wife of R., on 10th inst., aged 78
Mosey, Wm. James, on 9th inst., aged 7
Harrison, Glover, on 12th inst., aged 63
Graham, Gertie Ida, on 10th inst., aged 2
Clark, Nellie, on 14th inst., aged 25

Morgan, Ben. Jas., at Hamilton, on 12th inst., aged 43
Plumb, Hon. J. B., at Niagara, on 12th inst., aged 72
Smyth, Wm., at East Flamboro, on 10th inst., aged 62
Hennessy, Helen S., daughter of Robt., at London, on 12th inst., aged 3
Jelly, Thos. Wm., son of Robt., at Port Stanley, on 9th inst., aged 16
Hayes, Clara M., at Belleville, on 8th inst., aged 5
Bennett, Lawrence, at Elmville, on 5th inst., aged 67
Brandy, Victor, at Montreal, on 8th inst., aged 59
Howe, Jeremiah, at London, on 7th inst., aged 38
Waldock Amelia E., at London, on 6th inst., aged 17
Elliott, Jane, wife of S. A., at London, on 7th inst
Alexander, Janet, wife of Rev. J., at Norval on 11th inst
Rich, Sarah, relict of the late W. B., at Goderich, on 7th inst., aged 89
Boomer, the Very Rev. Michael, at London, on 4th inst., aged 78

A Kentucky Duel.

Victor Duquesne, the famous pistol shot of New Orleans, while traveling in Kentucky stopped for the night at a tavern in Frankfort. In his day, pistols, like Kentuckians going to take a drink, went in pairs. Every gentleman carried his twin derringers. After supper Duquesne went to the office-counter, behind which the proprietor lounged, and putting down a half-dollar, requested him to change it. The proprietor swept the coin into his money drawer in a mechanical way, and taking out two "bits," or twelve and a half cent pieces, shoved them toward Duquesne. The latter, seeing that the proprietor made no move toward giving him any more money, said:

"I gave you half a dollar; here are only two 'bits.'"

"You gi' me a quarter, sir," responded the host.

"Beg your pardon; you are mistaken. Look in your drawer, and you will see.

"Do you mean to say I don't know a half-dollar when I see it? I say, sir, you gi' me a quarter, and you've got your change for it."

Duquesne looked steadily at the tavern-keeper for a moment. The guests seated around the fire-place became silent.

"You are a liar!" said Duquesne, in a low, even tone. Those terrible words meant something in Kentucky, and the speaker knew it. He felt nervously for his pistols. They were missing. He had left them in his room. The tavern-keeper's movements were as quick as if he had been charged by an electric battery. He jerked open his money-drawer, took from it a pistol, cocked it, and covered Duquesne, who stood motionless.

"Would you shoot an unarmed man!" inquired the latter, calmly.

That appeal is never without its effect in the Old Commonwealth.

"An unarmed man has no right to give an insult."

"Will some gentleman lend me a pistol?" said Duquesne, without removing his eyes from his antagonist, whose two brothers had now ranged themselves by his side.

"Fair play, the world over," spoke up a burly drover, putting a pistol in Duquesne's hand, while two more were dropped in his overcoat pocket. The crowd parted. The men fired simultaneously. The landlord's right arm dropped to his side broken, and his weapon fell to the floor. Duquesne stood unharmed, and quietly exchanged his smoking pistol for one of the loaded ones in his pocket. One of the landlord's brothers, without a word, leveled a pistol at Duquesne, but before he could pull the trigger Duquesne fired, and his new antagonist's right arm dropped to his side, broken.

"Any more!" inquired Duquesne, preparing another firearm.

"Yes, damn you!" exclaimed the third brother, firing one shot wildly, and endeavoring to shoot again. Duquesne fired quickly again, and that brother's arm fell, broken, just as the others had fallen.

"Who the devil are you?" cried the landlord, clasping his disabled arm.

"I am Victor Duquesne, of New Orleans.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Duquesne; I'm satisfied it was a half-dollar you gi' me. Give Mr. Duquesne two bits more out o' the drawer, Sam," said the tavern-keeper to a white-faced clerk who had crouched beneath the counter during the fusilade. "Next time I want to shoot I'll look at the register and see who it is who is goin' to shoot back."

A Wealthy Minister.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall of New York, is said to have pocketed, since last September, fully thirty thousand dollars in marriage fees. One bridegroom gave him a check for five thousand dollars for tying the nuptial knot. Dr. Hall is worth one million of dollars: his total income is at least one hundred thousand dollars. His congregation is the wealthiest in New York. The amount of four hundred millions of dollars may be seen in his church any Sunday morning. Dr. Hall has a monopoly of the swell weddings. Brides who desire to be in the fashion insist upon being married by the millionaire clergyman.

No Credit Needed.

Uncle Rastus: Why does dey put "In God we-all trust" on a two-cent piece, and doesn't put it on dese yere ten dollar bills, Sambo—does yer know?

Sambo: I dunno, chile; but I 'spects it's cause yer don' hab to ask no one fer trus' when yer hab ten dollars.

"Don't be annoyed, George," she said to her lover, who was taking her out for a ride and whose horse balked; "have patience, and he will move on presently." "Patience, my dear! Why, I am paying for this animal by the hour."

A lazy fellow who was idling away his time was asked by a minister where he expected to go when he died. "I shall not go," was the reply, "I expect to be carried."

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS

CAMPANINI

Wednesday Eve'g March 21

Positively ONE CONCERT only, by the Famous Campanini Operatic Concert Company.

ITALO CAMPANINI, - - Sole Proprietor.

Comprising the following extraordinary array of Renowned Artists:

ETELKA GERSTER, SOFIA SCALCHI, MATAURA TORRICELLI, ANTONIO GALASSI, BALDASSAR CORSINI And ITALO CAMPANINI.

Conductor, - MAESTRO ALFREDO GORE

Sale of seats opens for subscribers at A. & S. Nordheimer's, at 10 a.m. on Friday, March 16, and at 10 a.m. on Saturday for general public.

PRICES—Reserved Seats, $2.50 and $1.50 General Admission, $1.00

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.

WELCOME "MY SWEETHEART."

WEEK COMMENCING

Monday, March 19

Six Nights and Saturday Matinee

Important Engagement of the World Famed

MINNIE PALMER

Declared by all the leading critics of Europe, Australia, and in her own home the "possessor of more and varied talents, gifts and graces than any other comedienne upon the stage."

REPERTOIRE:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Nights and Saturday Matinee, her latest and greatest success

My Brother's Sister

Thursday, Friday and Saturday Nights, her world wide success,

MY SWEETHEART.

A pretty farewell souvenir given to every lady attending Monday night—a picture of My Sweetheart, on an easel.

Prices, 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1

10 JACOBS & SHAW'S 10
Toronto Opera House
ONE WEEK COMMENCING
20 MONDAY, MARCH 19 20
The Romantic Actor
MR. EDWIN ARDEN
supported by
30 MISS AGNES ARDEN 30
and a superb dramatic company
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, and Tuesday and Wednesday Matinees
and and
the Beautiful, Realistic Western Idyl
EAGLE'S NEST
50 Friday and Saturday Evenings and Saturday Matinee 50
BARRED OUT
Box office open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Telephone No. 30.
CTS Next Week—Ben McGinley in Inshavogul. CTS

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Easter Holidays

ON MARCH 29th, 30th and 31st

RETURN TICKETS

Will be sold between all stations east of Port Arthur, also points on the Intercolonial,

AT ONE and ONE-THIRD FARE

Good to return until April 3rd, 1888.

SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS

Will be issued round trip tickets, on certificate from Principal, at

Low Rates, March 16th to 30th to Return until April 11th.

SPRING 1888

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 KING STREET WEST

(Opp. *Mail* office, first floor). We will be prepared after the 15th inst. to show our Spring importations in Millinery Novelties, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc. 67

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr., (formerly of No. 1 Rossin Block).

BREADMAKER'S YEAST

BREAD made with this Yeast took 132 First Prizes at Ontario Fair Shows in 1887.

Over 10,000 ladies have written to say that it surpasses any yeast ever used by them. It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and buckwheat pancakes. PRICE 5 CENTS.

40 years' record of honorable dealing

40 years before an intelligent public

40 years' loyalty to our patrons

40 years of liberal and equitable methods

40 years manufacturers and dealers

SPEAK STRONGER TO YOU THAN ANY WORDS OF OURS

R. S. Williams & Son

143 Yonge Street, Toronto

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40,000 in Daily Use

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GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

For Close Prices IN DIAMONDS CALL ON

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MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

A. S. Smith

HATTER

Manufacturer of Silk and Pullow Hats to Order

N. B.—We dye, clean and alter silk and felt hats.

122 YONGE STREET

Men's Youths' & Boys'

LIGHT-WEIGHT

SPRING OVERCOATS

In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 24 up to 48 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more we can produce

ANY SHADE OR ANY PRICE

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY

(Finish under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and late of New York.)

TEACHER OF VOICE CULTURE

will organize a class and take private pupils at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street, on

Monday, March 12

MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist.

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